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CHAPTER XIII.

The Pursuit.

Behind the sledge ran Howland, to the right of the team ran Jean. Once or twice when Croisset glanced back his eyes met those of the engineer. He cracked his whip and smiled, and Howland's teeth gleamed back coldly in reply. A mutual understanding flashed between them in these glances. In a sudden spurt Howland knew that the Frenchman could quickly put distance between them—but not a distance that his bullets could not cover in the space of a breath. He had made up his mind to fire, deliberately and with his greatest skill if Croisset made the slightest movement toward escape. If he was compelled to kill or wound his companion he could still go on alone with the dogs, for the trail of Meleese and Jackpine would be as plain as their own, which they were following back into the south.

For the second time since coming into the north he felt the blood leaping through his veins as on that first night in Prince Albert when from the mountain he had heard the lone wolf, and when later he had seen the beautiful face through the hotel window. Howland was one of the few men who possess a certain pride in their physical as well as their mental capabilities, and he was confident now. His successful and indomitable fight over obstacles in a big city had made this confidence a part of his being. It was a confidence that flushed his face with joyous enthusiasm as he ran after the dogs and that astonished and puzzled Jean Croisset.

"Mon Dieu, but you are a strange man!" exclaimed the Frenchman when he brought the dogs down to a walk after a half mile run. "Blessed saints, M'seur, you are laughing—and I swear it is no laughing matter."

"Shouldn't a man be happy when he is going to his wedding, Jean?" puffed Howland, gasping to get back the breath he had lost.

"But not when he's going to his funeral, M'seur."

"If I were one of your blessed saints I'd hit you over the head with a thunderbolt, Croisset. Good Lord, what sort of a heart have you got inside of your jacket, man? Up there where we're going is the sweetest little girl in the whole world. I love her. She loves me. Why shouldn't I be happy, now that I know I'm going to see her again very soon—and take her back into the south with me?"

"The devil!" grunted Jean.

"Perhaps you're jealous, Croisset," suggested Howland. "Great Scott! I hadn't thought of that!"

"I've got one of my own to love, M'seur, and I wouldn't trade her for all else in the world."

"Damned if I can understand you," swore the engineer. "You appear to be half human; you say you're in love and yet you'd rather risk your life than help out Meleese and me. What the deuce does it mean?"

"That's what I am doing, M'seur—helping Meleese. I would have done her a greater service if I had killed you back there on the trail and stripped your body for those things that would be foul enough to eat it. I have told you a dozen times that it is God's justice that you die. And you are going to die—very soon, M'seur."

"No, I'm not going to die, Jean. I'm going to see Meleese and she's going back into the south with me. And if you're real good you may have the pleasure of driving us back to the Wekusko Croisset, and you can be my best man at the wedding. What do you say to that?"

"That you are mad—or a fool," retorted Jean, cracking his whip viciously.

The dogs swung sharply from the trail heading from their southerly course into the northwest.

"We will save a day by doing this," explained Croisset at the other's sharp word of inquiry. "We will hit the other trail twenty miles west of here, while by following back to where they turned we would travel sixty miles to reach the same point. That one chance in a hundred which you have depends on this, M'seur. If the other sledge has passed—"

He shrugged his shoulders and started the dogs into a trot.

"Look here," cried Howland, running beside him. "Who is with this other sledge?"

"Those who tried to kill you on the trail and at the Coyote, M'seur," he answered quickly.

Howland fell back a dozen paces behind. By the end of the first hour he was compelled to rest frequently by taking to the sledge and their progress was much slower. Jean no longer made answer to his occasional questions. Doggedly, he swung on ahead to the right and a little behind the team leader, and Howland could see that for some reason Croisset was as anxious as himself to make the best time possible. His own impatience increased as the morning lengthened. Jean's assurance that mysterious enemies who had twice attempted his life were only a short distance behind them, or a short distance ahead, set a new and desperate idea at work in his brain. He was confident that these men from the Wekusko were his chief menace, and that with them once out of the way, and with the Frenchman in his power, the fight which he was carrying into the enemy's country would be half won. There would then be no one to recognize him but Meleese.

His heart leaped with joyous hope, and he leaned forward on the sledge to examine Croisset's empty gun. It was an automatic, and Croisset, glancing back over the loping backs of the huskies, caught him smiling. He ran more frequently now, and longer distances, and with the passing of each mile his determination to strike a decisive blow increased. If they reached the trail of Meleese and Jackpine before the crossing of the second sledge he would lay in wait for his old enemies; if they had preceded them he would pursue and surprise them in camp. In either case he would possess an overwhelming advantage.

With the same calculating attention to detail that he would have shown in the arrangement of plans for the building of a tunnel or a bridge, he drew a mental map of his scheme and its possibilities. There would be at least two men with the sledge, and possibly three. If they surrendered at the point of his rifle without a fight he would compel Jean to tie them up with dog-traces while he held them under cover. If they made a move to offer resistance he would shoot. With the automatic he could kill or wound the three before they could reach their rifles, which would undoubtedly be on the sledge. The situation had now reached a point where he no longer took into consideration what these men might be to Meleese.

As they continued into the northwest Howland noted that the thicker forest was gradually clearing into wide areas of small banskian pine, and that the rock ridges and dense swamps which had impeded their progress were becoming less numerous. An hour before noon, after a tedious climb to the top of a frozen ridge, Croisset pointed down into a vast level plain lying between them and other great ridges far to the north.

"That is a bit of the Barren Lands that creeps down between those mountains off there, M'seur," he said. "Do you see that black forest that looks like a charred log in the snow to the south and west of the mountains? That is the break that leads into the country of the Athabasca. Somewhere between this point and that he will strike the trail. Mon Dieu, I had half expected to see them out there on the plain."

"Who? Meleese and Jackpine, or—"

"No, the others, M'seur. Shall we have dinner here?"

"Not until we hit the trail," replied Howland. "I'm anxious to know about that one chance in a hundred you've given me hope of, Croisset. If they have passed—"

"If they are ahead of us you might just as well stand out there and let me put a bullet through you, M'seur."

He went to the head of the dogs, guiding them down the rough side of the ridge, while Howland steadied the toboggan from behind. For three-quarters of an hour they traversed the low bush of the plain in silence. From every rising snow hummock Jean scanned the white desolation about them, and each time, as nothing that was human came within his vision, he turned toward the engineer with a sinister shrug of his shoulders. Once three moving caribou, a mile or more away, brought a quick cry to his lips and Howland noticed that a sudden flush of excitement came into his face, replaced in the next instant by a look of disappointment. After this he maintained a more careful guard over the Frenchman. They had covered less than half of the distance to the caribou trail when in a small open space free of bush Croisset's voice rose sharply and the team stopped.

"What do you think of it, M'seur?" he cried, pointing to the snow. "What do you think of that?"

Barely cutting into the edge of the open was the broken crust of two sledge trails. For a moment Howland forgot his caution and bent over to examine the trials, with his back to his companion. When he looked up there was a curious laughing gleam in Jean's eyes.

"Mon Dieu, but you are careless!" he exclaimed. "Be more careful M'seur. I may give myself up to another temptation like that."

"The deuce you say!" cried Howland, springing back quickly. "I'm much obliged, Jean. If it wasn't for the moral effect of the thing I'd shake hands with you on that. How far ahead of us do you suppose they are?"

Croisset had fallen on his knees in the trail.

"The crust is freshly broken," he said after a moment. "They have been gone not less than two or three hours, perhaps since morning. See this white glistening surface over the first trail, M'seur, like a billion needle-points growing out of it? That is the work of three or four days' cold. The first sledge passed that long ago."

Howland turned and picked up Croisset's rifle. The Frenchman watched him as he slipped a clip full of cartridges into the breech.

"If there's a snack of cold stuff in the pack dig it out," he commanded. "We'll eat on the run, if you've got anything to eat. If you haven't, we'll go hungry. We're going to overtake that sledge sometime this afternoon or tonight—or bust!"

"The saints be blessed, then we are most certain to bust, M'seur," gasped Jean. "And if we don't the dogs will. Non, it is impossible!"

"Is there anything to eat?"

"A morsel of cold meat—that is all. But I say that it is impossible. That sledge—"

Howland interrupted him with an impatient gesture.

"And I say that if there is anything to eat in there, get it out, and be quick about it, Croisset. We're going to overtake those precious friends of yours, and I warn you that if you make any attempt to lose time something unpleasant is going to happen. Understand?"

Jean had bent to unstrap one end of the sledge pack and an angry flash leaped into his eyes at the threatening tone of the engineer's voice. For a moment he seemed on the point of speech, but caught himself and in silence divided the small chunk of meat which he drew from the pack, giving the larger share to Howland as he went to the head of the dogs. Only once or twice during the next hour did he look back, an dafter each of these glances he redoubled his efforts at urging on the huskies. Before they had come to the edge of the black banskan forest which Jean had pointed out from the farther side of the plain, Howland saw that the pace was telling on the team. The leader was trailing and now and then the whole pack would settle back in their traces, to be urged on again by the fierce cracking of Croisset's long whip. To add to his own discomfiture Howland found that he could no longer keep up with Jean and the dogs, and with his weight added to the sledge the huskies settled down into a tugging walk.

Thus they came into the deep low forest, and Jean apparently oblivious of the exhaustion of both man and dogs, walked now in advance of the team, his eyes constantly on the thin trail ahead. Howland could not fail to see that his unnecessary threat of a few hours before still rankled in the Frenchman's mind, and several times he made an effort to break the other's taciturnity. But Jean strode on in moody silence, answering only those things which were put to him directly, and speaking not an unnecessary word. At last the engineer jumped from the sledge and overtook his companion.

"Hold on, Jean," he cried. "I've got enough. You're right, and I want to apologize. We're busted—that is, the dogs and I are busted, and we might as well give it up until we've had a feed. What do you say?"

"I say that you have stopped just in time, M'seur," replied Croisset with purring softness. "Another half hour and we would have been through the forest, and just beyond that—in the edge of the plain—are those whom you seek, Meleese and her people. That is what I started to tell you back there when you shut me up. Mon Dieu, if it were not for Meleese I would let you go on. And then—what would happen then, M'seur, if you made your visit to them in broad day? Listen!"

Jean lifted a warning hand. Faintly there came to them through the forest the distant baying of a hound.

"That is one of our dogs from the McKenzie country," he went on softly, an insinuating triumph in his low voice. "Now, M'seur, that I have brought you here what are you going to do? Shall we go on and take dinner with those who are going to kill you, or will you wait a few hours? Eh, what shall it be?"

For a moment Howland stood motionless, stunned by the Frenchman's words. Quickly he recovered himself. His eyes burned with a metallic gleam as they met the half taunt in Croisset's cool smile.

"If I had not stopped you—we would have gone on?" he questioned tensely.

"To be sure, M'seur," retorted Croisset, still smiling. "You warned me to lose no time—that something would happen if I did."

With a quick movement Howland drew his revolver and leveled it at the Frenchman's heart.

"If you ever prayed to those blessed saints of yours, do it now, Jean Croisset. I'm going to kill you!" he cried fiercely.

CHAPTER XIV.

In a single breath the face of Jean Croisset became no more than a mask of what it had been. The taunting smile left his lips and a gray pallor spread over his face as he saw Howland's finger crooked firmly on the trigger of his revolver. In another instant there came the sound of a metallic snap.

"Damnation! An empty cartridge!" Howland exclaimed. "I forgot to load after those three shots at the cup. It's coming this time, Jean!"

Purposely he snapped the second empty cartridge.

"The great God!" gasped Jean. "M'seur—"

From deep in the forest came again the baying of the Mackenzie hound. This time it was much nearer, and for a moment Howland's eyes left the Frenchman's terrified face as he turned his head to listen.

"They are coming!" exclaimed Croisset. "M'seur, I swear to—"

Again Howland's pistol covered his heart.

"Then it is even more necessary that I kill you," he said with frightful calmness. "I warned you that I would kill you if you led me into a trap, Croisset. The dogs are bushed. There is no way out of this but one—if there are people coming down the trail. Listen to that!"

This time, from still nearer, came the shout of a man, and then of another, followed by the huskies' sharp yelping as they started afresh on the trail. The flush of excitement that had come into Howland's face paled until he stood as white as the Frenchman. But it was not the whiteness of fear. His eyes were like blue steel, flashing in the sunlight.

"There is nothing to do but fight," he repeated, even more calmly than before. "If we were a mile or two back there it could all happen as I had planned it. But here—"

"They will hear the shots," cried Jean. "The trail is no more than a gunshot beyond the forest, and there are plenty there who would come out to see what it means. Quick, M'seur—follow me! Possibly they are hunters going out to the trap-lines. If it comes to the worst—"

"What then?" demanded Howland.

"You can shoot me a little later," temporized the Frenchman with a show of his old coolness. "Mon Dieu, I am afraid of that gun, M'seur. I will get you out of this if I can. Will you give me the chance—or will you shoot?"

"I will shoot—if you fail," replied the engineer.

Barely were the words out of his mouth when Croisset sprang to the head of the dogs, seized the leader by his neck-trace and half dragged the team and sledge through the thick bush that edged the trail. A dozen paces further on the dense scrub opened into the clearer run of the low-hanging banskian through which Jean started at a slow trot, with Howland a yard behind him and the huskies following with human-like cleverness in the sinuous twistings of the trail which the Frenchman marked out for them. They had progressed not more than 300 yards when there came to them for a third time the hallooing of a voice. With a sharp "Hup, hup," and a low crack of his whip Jean stopped the dogs.

"The Virgin be praised, but that is luck!" he exclaimed. They have turned off into another trail to the east, M'seur. If they had come on to that break in the bush where we dragged the sledge through—" He shrugged his shoulders with a gasp of relief. "Sacre! they would not be fools enough to pass it without wondering!"

Howland had broken the breech of his revolver and was replacing the three empty cartridges with fresh ones.

"There will be no mistake next time," he said, holding out the weapon. "You were as near your death a few moments ago as ever before in your life, Croisset—and now for a little plain understanding between us. Until we stopped out there I had some faith in you. Now I have none. I regard you as my worst enemy, and, though you are deuced near to your friends, I tell you that you were never in a tighter box in your life. If I fail in my mission here, you shall die. If others come along that trail before dark and run us down, I will kill you. Unless you make it possible for me to see and talk with Meleese I will kill you. Your life hangs on my success; with my failure your death is as certain as the coming of night. I am going to put a bullet through you at the slightest suspicion of treachery. Under the circumstances what do you propose to do?"

"I am glad that you changed your mind, M'seur, and I will not tempt you again. I will do the best I can," said Jean. Through a narrow break in the tops of the banskian pines a few feathery flakes of snow were falling and Jean lifted his eyes to the slit of gray sky above them. "Within an hour it will be snowing heavily," he affirmed. "If they do not run across our trail by that time, M'seur, we shall be safe."

He led the way through the forest again, more slowly and with greater caution than before, and whenever he looked over his shoulder he caught the dull gleam of Howland's revolver as it pointed at the hollow of his back.

"The devil, but you make me uncomfortable," he protested. "The hammer is up too, M'seur!"

"Yes, it is up," said Howland grimly. "And it never leaves your back, Croisset. If the gun should go off accidentally it would bore a hole clear through you."

Half an hour later the Frenchman halted where the banskians climbed the side of a sloping ridge.

"If you could trust me I would ask to go on ahead," whispered Jean. "This ridge shuts in the plain, M'seur, and just over the top of it is an old cabin which has been abandoned for many years. There is not one chance in a thousand of there being anyone there, though it is a good fox ridge at this season. From it you may see the light in Meleese's window at night."

He did not stop to watch the effect of his last words, but began picking his way up the ridge with the dogs tugging at his heels. At the top he swung sharply between two huge masses of snow-covered rock, and in the lee of the largest of these, almost entirely sheltered from the drifts piled up by easterly winds, they came suddenly on a small log hut. About it there were no signs of life. With unusual eagerness Jean scanned the surface of the snow, and when he saw that there was trail of neither man nor beast in the unbroken crust a look of relief came into his face.

"Mon Dieu! so far I have saved my hide," he grinned. "Now, M'seur, look for your self and see if Jean Croisset has not kept his word!"

A dozen steps had taken him through a screen of shrub to the opposite slope of the ridge. With outstretched arm he pointed down into the plain, and as Howland's eyes followed its direction he stood throbbing with sudden excitement. Less than a quarter of a mile away, sheltered in a dip of the plain, were three or four log buildings rising black and desolate out of the white waste. One of these buildings was a large structure similar to that in which Howland had been imprisoned, and as he looked a team and sledge appeared from behind one of the cabins and halted close to the wall of the large building. The driver was plainly visible, and to Howland's astonishment he suddenly began to ascend the side of this wall. For the moment Howland had not thought of a stair.

Jean's attitude drew his eyes. The Frenchman had thrust himself half out of the screening bushes and was staring through the telescope of his hands. With an exclamation he turned quickly to the engineer.

"Look, M'seur! Do you see that man climbing the stair? I don't mind telling you that he is the one who hit you over the head on the trail, and also one of those who shut you up in the coyote. Those are his quarters at the post, and possibly he is going up to see Meleese. If you were much of a shot you could settle a score or two from here, M'seur."

The figure had stopped, evidently on a platform midway up the side of the building. He stood for a moment as if scanning the plain between him and the mountain, then disappeared. Howland had not spoken a word, but every nerve in his body tingled strangely.

"You say Meleese—is there?" he questioned hesitatingly. "And he—who is that man, Croisset?"

Jean shrugged his shoulders and drew himself back into the bush, turning leisurely toward the old cabin.

"Non, M'seur, I will not tell you that," he protested. "I have brought you to this place. I have pointed out to you the stair that leads to the room where you will find Meleese. You may cut me into ribbons for the ravens, but I will tell you no more!"

Again the threatening fire leaped into Howland's eyes.

"I will trouble you to put your hands behind your back, Croisset," he commanded. "I am going to return a certain compliment of yours by tying your hands with this piece of babeesh, which you used on me. After that—"

"And after that, M'seur," urged Jean, with a touch of the old taunt in his voice, and stopping with his back to the engineer and his hands behind him. "After that?"

"You will tell me all that I want to know," finished Howland, tightening the thong about his wrists.

He led the way then to the cabin. The door was closed, but opened readily as he put his weight against it. The single room was lighted by a window through which a mass of snow had drifted, and contained nothing more than a rude table built against one of the log walls, three supply boxes that had evidently been employed as stools, and a cracked and rust-eaten sheet-iron stove that had from all appearances long passed into disuse. He motioned the Frenchman to a seat at one end of the table. Without a word he then went outside, securely toggled the leading dog, and returning, closed the door and seated himself at the end of the table opposite Jean.

The light from the open window fell full on Croisset's dark face and shone in a silvery streak along the top of Howland's revolver as the muzzle of it rested casually on a line with the other's breast. There was a menacing click as the engineer drew back the hammer.

"Now, my dear Jean, we're ready to begin the real game," he explained. "Here we are, high and dry, and down there—just far enough away to be out of hearing of this revolver when I shoot—are those we're going to play against. So far I've been completely in the dark. I know of no reason why I shouldn't go down there openly and be welcomed and given a good supper. And yet at the same time I know that my life wouldn't be worth a tinker's damn if I did go down. You can clear up the whole business, and that's what you're going to do. When I understand why I am scheduled to be murdered on sight I won't be handicapped as I now am. So go ahead and spiel. If you don't, I'll blow your head off."

Jean sat unflinching, his lips drawn tightly, his head set square and defiant.

"You may shoot, M'seur," he said quietly. "I have sworn on a cross of the Virgin to tell you no more than I have. You could not torture me into revealing what you ask?"

Slowly Howland raised his revolver.

"Once more, Croisset—will you tell me?"

"Non, M'seur—"

A deafening explosion filled the little cabin. From the lobe of Jean's ear there ran a red trickle of blood. His face had gone deathly pale. But even as the bullet had stung him within an inch of his brain he had not flinched.

"Will you tell me, Croisset?"

This time the black pit of the engineer's revolver centered squarely between the Frenchman's eyes.

"Non, M'seur."

The eyes of the two men met over the blue steel. With a cry Howland slowly lowered his weapon.

"Good God, but you're a brave man, Jean Croisset!" he cried. "I'd sooner kill a dozen men that I know than you."

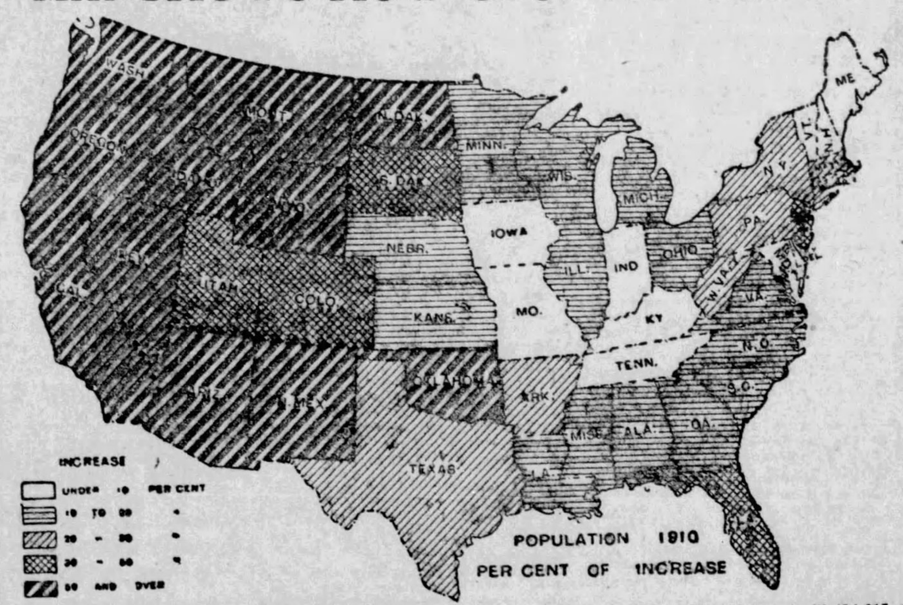
He rose to his feet and went to the door. There was still but little snow in the air. To the north the horizon was growing black with the early approach of the northern night. With a nervous laugh he returned to Jean.

"Deuce take it if I don't feel like apologizing to you," he exclaimed. "Does your ear hurt?"

"No more than if I had scratched it with a thorn," returned Jean politely. "You are good with the pistol, M'seur."

(To Be Continued.)

MAP SHOWS HOW COUNTRY GROWS



Following Census Director Durand's announcement of the total population of the United States and his analytical statement regarding the subject, the Director prepared and furnished the above shaded map marking states with reference to their respective distribution into the five classes of rate per cents of increase. In 1910 the total population of the states which increased at the rate of 50 per cent and over is 7,887,657, as compared with 4,384,487 in 1900, and 2,927,881 in 1890. In 1910 the total population of the states which increased at the rate of 30 to 50 per cent. is 5,046,049, as compared with 3,630,230 in 1900, and 2,808,983 in 1890. In 1910 the total population of the states which increased at the rate of 20 to 30 per cent. is 28,494,617, as compared with 23,032,405 in 1900, and 18,718,530 in 1890. In 1910 the total population of the states which increased at the rate of 10 to 20 per cent. is 34,823,700, as compared with 30,102,259 in 1900, and 25,501,360 in 1890. In 1910 the total population of the states which increased at the rate of less than 10 per cent is 15,720,243 as compared with 14,845,244 in 1900 and 12,990,960 in 1890.

MOUNTAINS OF SUGAR

GIVE an Eskimo child that never before saw a white man or tasted sugar, a lump of the commonest sweet of the world's food and it will make an instant "hit." Try the same experiment on a savage in the depths of the Congo forests and the result is equally favorable.

Go outside of the tribes and races of man and test the first horse you come to with a lump of sugar and the horse will eat eagerly. Most dogs only want an opportunity to show the same love of that increasingly important staple of the world's diet.

It is hard to realize that for many centuries the people of Europe and many other parts of the world managed to do without the great sweetener of human food. That is why honey is so often ment oned in the classics. The Bible gives it a prominence which would not be thought of today in any civilized country.

But honey was always a product scarce enough to be a luxury. It could not be obtained in quantities that justified any comparison with sugar, as the modern world knows it. Now the sugar beet and the sugar cane together yield sugar in mountains.

It is a close race between the two great sources of sugar. This year's crop is a record-breaker, taking the world as a whole, and cane sugar is well in the lead. Some years the conditions are much less favorable where the bulk of the sugar cane is grown, and then the beet sugar is about equal to the older kind in weight and bulk.

This year's sugar crop is figured at 7,900,299 tons of beet sugar, and 8,519,000 tons of cane sugar. The total is 16,499,299 tons, or much more than one-third of the tonnage of the iron ore carried down the great lakes this year. It is equal to fully 80 per cent of the weight of the wheat crop of the United States.

Stated in the most familiar way of measuring sugar, the world's crop reaches the enormous total of 32,838,598,000 pounds, which means more than 20 pounds for every man, woman and child. A lot of candy in that huge mass of sugar, and sweetening for lakes of coffee and tea!

The sugar crop of the year would fill about 100,000,000 barrels. They vary in weight enough to make exact calculations impossible. Is it necessary to add that 100,000,000 sugar barrels would be a big hill?

That number of barrels in a straight-sided, flat-topped pile, would be half a mile long, a quarter of a mile wide, and 200 feet high. Think of eating such a tremendous bulk of sugar in one year!

The truth is that the job is too much for the world, though it probably would not be if all the people on the earth could buy as much sugar as they would like to use. The present limit of consumption of that great staple is by no means up to the highest figures which would be reached if there were always means to buy all that might be wanted.

As it is, the record-breaking crop of the year is more than can be consumed. It is expected that a surplus of about 2,500,000 tons, or 5,000,000,000 pounds will be on hand when the next crop year begins in September, 1911 which is equivalent to carrying over about 15 per cent of the enormous yield of the beet fields and cane plantations in 1910.

In this great crop the United States has rather a moderate share. It has produced 435,000 tons of beet sugar, or about 6 per cent of the world's yield, and about 1,225,000 tons of cane sugar, which means 14 per cent of the cane sugar in the world. Of the 1,225,000 tons credited to this country, the islands—Hawaii, Porto Rico and the Philippines—account for all but 300,000 tons, grown almost wholly in Louisiana.

Germany produces more beet sugar than the total crop beet and cane together—in the United States and its island possessions, and Cuba exceeds the American total with its cane sugar alone. Taking only the United States without the islands, this country is surpassed as a sugar producer by Austria-Hungary, France, Russia, Java, and the East Indies, not including Java.

As sugar consumers the American people beat the world, and sugar production is steadily increasing under the American flag—facts which indicate a bright future for the sugar growing industry of the United States.

The Two Christmas Trees.

I.

Kriss Kringle walked the city ablaze
with festal light.
"I would see," said he, "how mortals
keep the Christ-Child's memory
bright."
Within a stately mansion a giant Christmas tree
Blazed, loaded down with costly gifts, a
goodly sight to see.
O'er it a white dove hovered; amid its
branches shone
White taper-flames, and globes whose
hues mocked every precious stone.
But Kriss Kringle's brow was troubled
for greed on every side
Robbed the fair gifts of their blessing,
and Love was lost in Pride;
While pampered menials, jeering, drove
the hungry from the door;
"He hath no share in Christmastide who
thinks not on God's poor."
Mused the loving spirit sadly as he plunged into the night;
"'Tis the light of Love and Kindness
keeps the Christ-Child's memory
bright."

II.

A crazy window-shutter fenced a cracked
and dingy pane
From the fiercest of the weather and the
full sweep of the rain.
Some twinkling rush-lights glimmered in
the bare and fireless room.
A tiny fir-branch shimmered 'mid the
half-lighted room.
It bore four rosy apples, a top, a knife,
a doll,
Such as the leanest purse may buy; rough,
poor and tawdry all.
Yet Carl and Hans and Gretchen capered
and laughed with glee
In the unwonted radiance of the blessed
Christmas tree.
Kriss Kringle saw the mother give the
poor gifts away
Till the last and largest apple hung
twirling from the spray
"You can cut that," said the father, but
little Hans spake low,
"Poor Wilhelm has no mother, she dies
six days ago.
He has no one to love him, no pretty
Christmas toys,
No candles bright to give him light like
all the other boys."

III.

Then honest Hans, the porter, laid down
his pipe and kissed
The pitying child and straightway sought
the orphan as he wished
How the children gave him welcome and
the poor gift made him glad;
How, while the rush-lights lasted, a
merry romp they had;
It were too long to tell you; but still I
fain would say
What good Kriss Kringle smiling said as
he went his way,
"Blest is this home forever, for love and
pity greet
The ever-loving Christ-Child; but where
his entering feet
Find that no human sorrow may pass the
jealous door,
Therein His Father's wrath shall find a
ready threshing-floor.
Better this gloomy hovel than the palace
bathed in light;
Since in it Love and Pity keep the Christ-Child's memory bright."

—Charles Winslow Hall, in the National Magazine for December

An Age of Revolution.

Leslie's.

We are living under the star of revolution. Its influence is world-wide. It has wiped out the monarchy in Portugal and threatens to do the same in Spain. Years ago it gave to every South American country a republican form of government. All this betokens the spirit of unrest which now finds its expression in every land more than ever. It is behind the awakening in China. When the revolutionists in Portugal put up the red flag and a naval officer protested, he was shot to death while the crowd cheered. The tidal wave of republicanism may spread over all Europe. But as the Paris Temps says, referring to the Portugal revolution, "It is merely a question of transforming the system of government. It will not suffice to change the label. The spirit of reform must descend to the bottom of things. To substitute an elected president for a hereditary monarch is to change the frame of the picture without touching the painting." The admonition is timely.

Submerging Idols in the Sea.

Rev. Matthias Klein, in The Christian Herald.

One of our younger Christian men, who is led to devote his time to the saving of the lost, recently had the joy of seeing his aged mother won from Buddhism. Of course, the duty devolved upon her to dispose of cart loads of idols and little shrines. Another, who is now the pillar of a local church, until six months ago was an idolater. He submerged about 70 yen worth of idols in the sea. Another influential young man, having had some unfortunate luck in business, took poison, and while dashing past one of our mission chapels, seeing the sign, he rushed in, confessed his deed to the pastor, and in the nick of time, the doctor succeeded in saving his life. Today he is an energetic missionary in his home city. Another, who studied for a Buddhist priest and was to have become the successor to a temple and surrounding estate worth over $5,000 refused this palatial offer of his foster-parent and became a Christian. A high army official and his family are now ready for baptism as a result of the change seen in their profligate son, who is a soldier.

Growing Indian Population

TWENTY years ago the census reported the Indian population of the United States, outside of Alaska, as 249,273. Then Indians lived in 36 states and territories, the great majority being in what was then the Indian Territory and in New Mexico, South Dakota, Arizona, California, Montana, North Dakota, Washington and Wisconsin.

Then it was the general belief that the Indians would rapidly die out, and it was often predicted that there would be few of them left in half a century. Many reasons were given why they would necessarily perish—but they have not done so.

On the contrary, the census taken this year shows that the Indian population is now about 305,000. It was 264,-819 when the count was made and increasing. Ten years ago the Indian population was 266,760. The gain from 1890 to 1900 was only about 17,500. In the last decade it has been over 38,000.

This is an increase of more than 14 per cent. Everything indicates that the growth of the white population of the United States, with immigration cut out, has been at a lower rate than that.

In the last 20 years the Indians have gained in numbers in he majority of the states where they are represented in the census returns. There are more of them than there were in 1909 in Arizona, California, Florida, Idaho, Indiana, Maine, Minnesota, Montana, Nevada, New York, North Dakota, Oklahoma, South Dakota, South Carolina, Texas and Wisconsin. In several states where a loss is shown it has been very slight, and in some it is the result of moving Indians to other reservations.

It is a curious upsetting of popular notions of the distribution of the Indian population to find that there are more Indians in New York than there are in Colorado, Texas, Utah and Wyoming taken together. The Indian population of Maine is larger than that of Iowa. There are more aboriginal inhabitants in Michigan than in Nevada. Wisconsin has more than Washington, and Minnesota more than Montana.

In the light of the latest census returns, it is quite clear that there will be at least 25,000 Indians east of the Mississippi for a long time to come. There are more than that number now, and they are gaining fast in Maine, Florida, Indiana and Wisconsin. In New York the Indian population increases slowly.

It may be that a census which showed exactly the proportion of Indian blood in the Indian population, especially in the case of the five civilized tribes in Oklahoma, would in some degree nullify the large apparent increase in the number of Indians in the country, because of the probable growth of the element which is of mixed origin. Yet the total gain has been too large to be accounted for by any possible increase in the half-breeds. The Indians of unmixed blood are certainly more than holding their own.

In comparisons between the present Indian population and that which existed in the same part of America before the aboriginal inhabitants were disturbed by the whites it must be kept in mind that there were never many Indians in the entire region now included within the boundaries of the United States. In extensive regions the Indian population was extremely sparse. It may have been no greater in some large areas than it is now.

The way in which the Indian obtained food before their contact with European civilization began prevented anything approaching such use of the soil and such filling up of large districts as are witnessed now in some parts of Oklahoma. The fierce and prolonged tribal wars and the dangers and hardships of the chase also kept down their numbers.

Now all that is changed. The Indians have no chance for petty warfare, exhausting and demoralizing. They are given every encouragement to plant crops and harvest them and to multiply their horses, cattle and other domestic animals. Their great enemies are disease and drink, and both are being combated with energy by the government, now more than ever paternal and helpful to the Indians who are still wards of the nation.

It will be seen that the outlook is for continued gains in the Indian population and increasingly favorable conditions of life for the race that owned America before the white invasion began.

THE RED HOUSE ON ROWAN STREET

BY ROMAN DOUBLEDAY

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CHAPTER XXI.

Rachel Appears on the Scene.

Burton used his room telephone at the hotel to call up Watson, and even so he did not give his name.

"It's all right so far. We'll go ahead as planned," he said.

Next he went to the station to meet Rachel. The west-bound train to which her car, "Oversee," was attached, came puffing in with the air of importance which every one and everything that ministered to Rachel came sooner or later to assume. He walked down to the end of the long platform, and there was the familiar car, and, what was not so to be taken for granted, there was Rachel herself on the steps, waving an impatient hand to him.

"How jolly of you to come and see me," he said impudently, as he took her hand. For some queer reason, he did not carry it to his lips, as had been his old custom. "I was greatly surprised to receive your telegram yesterday."

"Were you?" she murmured in a tone that might mean nothing or might mean everything. "Didn't you think it was time?"

"Time for what?"

"Oh,—just time!"

"It is always time for you to telegraph me or write me or to come halfway across the continent to see me," he said promptly. "Is Philip with you?"

"Come inside," she said, and led the way into the tiny drawing-room of the coach. "Your things are coming soon, I hope. We have only half an hour here. Is there anything worth getting off for, or shall we just sit and talk?"

"We'll talk first. Please remember that I don't know yet what has brought you here. Where is Philip?"

"Oh, he didn't come with me," she said, motioning him to a seat as she took a chair herself. It was part of her general harmoniousness that she always took a chair which was in the right light to show up her hair. He used to smile at the trait. It struck him now for the first time as somewhat trivial. And as he looked at her, it struck him for the first time that she was somewhat trivial as a whole. Rachel trivial? It gave him a shock that made his answer almost incoherent.

"Poor fellow!" he said mechanically. "Still unable to bear moving?"

"Philip is greatly improved," she said. She was sliding a jeweled bracelet up and down on her arm, and did not look at him. "In fact, he is so much better that he has run over to France with the Armstrongs."

Burton looked at her in grave inquiry. "I am glad that he is better, but why didn't he come with you, instead of going across the water?"

"Oh, I didn't need him. And he knew that I should pick him up here."

"But surely it was due to Miss Underwood that he should come to her if he were able to go anywhere. Nothing but his inability to travel justified my coming between them in this matter in the first place."

"My dear Hugh, I hope you haven't committed Philip in any way to that impossible girl!"

He stared at her in silence, absolutely speechless.

"Of course I know you were sent as envoy extraordinary and plenipotentiary," she said, with one of the sudden smiles which had so often disarmed his protests, "but that was because I was so sure I could trust everything to your discretion. And I know you haven't failed me! When you discovered that the Underwoods were the principals in a cause celebre, surely that was enough!"

He choked down the white wrath that surged upward. The very ghastliness of the situation made it necessary that he should be very careful. He spoke after a moment, in almost his natural voice.

"I should not be surprised at your attitude, because I remember now—though I had forgotten it until you spoke—that I had the same feeling about the matter before I had met the Underwoods themselves. After knowing them, my feelings changed. I hoped I had made my impressions of Miss Underwood clear in my letters to you."

"You made it sufficiently clear that you had been bewitched," she said, with a smile that was not wholly friendly. "Miss Underwood must be very pretty."

"Yes, she is. And she is 'nice' in every other way, too. She is a brave, staunch, noble woman—and Philip ought to go down on his knees in thankfulness for winning her."

"You are somewhat extravagant in speech," she said coldly. "Philip Overman would hardly need to express in that fashion his gratitude for winning the daughter of a country doctor of very tarnished reputation, whose brother has also figured in the police court."

"Did you gather that from my letters?"

"No, from the newspapers. The situation has been written up for the Sunday supplements. The whole thing is cheap—oh, horribly cheap, my dear Hugh!"

"But Rachel—for heaven's sake, what do you mean? Philip is in love with the girl—"

"Fancies of that sort soon pass, Hugh."

"You thought it serious enough when you sent me to see her."

"I was frantic for the moment over Philip, and I would have sent you to the moon for him if he had cried for it. But it doesn't follow that I would let him have it when he got well."

"Has Philip nothing to say on the subject himself?" he asked coldly.

She smiled enigmatically, and instead of answering at once, she asked in turn: "Exactly what did you say to Miss Underwood? How far did you—exercise diplomacy?"

"I didn't exercise any. I told her Philip was dying because she had refused him, and I took advantage of every feeling I could play upon to win the conditional promise from her I sent on to you."

"What was her condition?"

"That the mystery hanging over the

family be cleared, so that she could come to him on equal terms."

"That is—if their name were cleared? I think you so expressed it in one of your interesting letters."

"That was her phrase."

"Then that lets us out," she smiled. "It hasn't been cleared."

"But it will be! Very soon! I am on the track now. By tomorrow I hope to show you the Underwood name as spotless as Overman."

She looked at him with unmistakable astonishment. "That you can make such a comparison makes sufficiently clear your amazing point of view. I hardly think we need discuss the matter further."

"I shall discuss it with Philip," he said abruptly.

"I told you Philip had gone abroad."

"I shall follow him. I must talk with the boy himself. He must have some spark of manliness."

"Why are you so provoking, Hugh?" she exclaimed. "What difference does it make about these people? Who are they, that you should care?"

"I care for Philip's honor," he said obstinately. "That is involved. And the girl's happiness is involved."

"I'm sorry," said Mrs. Overman with a smile that did not look sorry. "I'm afraid the matter is out of our hands, though, Hugh. Janet Armstrong is in the party. I rather think that you would find it too late to interfere."

"Janet is a charming girl," she went on lightly. "She will be a better match even that Ellice Avery. A year ago it might have been Ellice, but it has turned out for the best all around. Janet and Philip were engaged the day they sailed. And you must see, Hugh, that there is nothing further to be said about it."

Perhaps he did, for he said nothing. He rose and walked to the window and stood looking out so long that the lady frowned and smiled and frowned again, and finally spoke.

"Where are your things, Hugh? It is getting late."

"My things? Oh, they are not coming."

"But you are going on with me, aren't you?"

"No," he said. "I'm sorry."

"But I counted on you," she said.

"I'm sorry," he said again, very gently. He could afford to be gentle now. "I have important work to do tonight."

"You are going to see that girl?"

"I did not mean that. I have a different engagement. But of course I shall see her as soon as possible."

Mrs. Overman bit her lip. "You are very punctilious! Well, I will wait a day for you. It need not take you longer.

He shook his head. "It may take me much longer. I shall be in High Ridge for some time, probably."

"Then—I'd better not wait for you."

"No. Don't wait for me," he said slowly.

She was very pale, but she smiled. "Then this is good-bye?"

"Yes, for the present."

She did not see his extended hand. She was untangling an invisible knot in the chain she wore, so her fingers were occupied.

"I don't know when I may see you again, then, for my plans are almost as indefinite as your own," she said airily. "I'm going somewhere,—and then somewhere else. When I'm ready to see you, I'll let you know."

"Good-bye,—and with the deepest meaning of the word," he said gravely. There was no use in ignoring what lay under the scene.

"Perhaps you'd better get off now, Hugh. You might be carried away in spite of your resolution,—and I should hate to see you carried away against your judgment," she mocked.

"Good-bye," he repeated. Something whirled in his brain.

As Burton watched the train pull out, its jaunty plume of smoke flaunting its scorn of High Ridge, it might have been hard to say whether he was more angry or more miserable. Perhaps each emotion helped to keep the other within bounds. How was he going to break to Miss Underwood the news that Philip had jilted her? That was the plain fact; and with her sensitive pride, her defenseless humility,—oh, it was an outrage. If he ever got a chance at Philip! To woo her for Philip had been irksome enough in the first place. To refuse her for Philip was something he had not undertaken to do.

But that must wait for tomorrow. He had another matter on his hands for tonight; the trap he had set must be sprung.

CHAPTER XXII.

Henry Takes to His Heels.

It was nearing midnight when Burton left his room and strolled out with a cigar. His objective point was Watson's house, and it was by no means necessary to go by Rowan Street to get there. Indeed, it was distinctly out of his way. Nevertheless, that was the way he took. He stopped at the further corner of the grounds for a moment, and looked up at the great house hidden among the trees. If he were foolishly indulging in mere dreams, his fancies were suddenly and unexpectedly scattered, for while he looked, one of the windows on the second floor was pushed softly up and a man's form appeared in it for a moment. It was the window of Henry's room. Burton was instantly alert. Henry was to be kept under strict guard. Was it possible that he was trying to make an escape? A moment resolved the doubt, for Henry came again to the window, let himself out with obvious precautions to go softly, and then swung himself into the branches of the oak from which Burton himself had once looked into that room. With a vivid realization of what Henry's escape on this night of all nights might mean, Burton vaulted the fence and ran to the tree. He reached it just as Henry touched the ground.

"See here, this won't do," he began argumentatively.

But Henry was in no mood for argument. With an exclamation of surprise and impatience, he started for the street. But Burton sprang after him and caught his arm.

"I say, Underwood!" he panted.

"Confound your meddling, I wish you would let me alone," Henry answered between his teeth, and with a sudden effort he wrenched himself free and darted off. Burton was staggered for a moment, then he set out in pursuit. Whatever happened, Henry's alibi must be clear! Henry vaulted the fence, and Burton went over a minute later. He was congratulating himself, with some surprise over it, that he was able to keep so nearly up with a young fellow who must be about ten years his junior, when Henry disappeared. When Burton came up to the spot he saw that Henry must have gone between two close-set buildings; but there was little use in trying to follow. Henry probably knew his way through the town as well as through his own garden. If he wanted to elude Burton, it was a very easy feat. And it was quite clear to the dullest understanding that this was what he wanted to do. Certainly the gods must have set their seal upon the man for early destruction. Burton shrugged his shoulders, put his hat back at the customary angle, and set off for Watson's.

He had not wished to arrive at Watson's too early, but now he suddenly had a panic fear that he might be too late. He hurried on, trying to guess his way through an unfamiliar part of the town, and wondering what Henry had done with the watchman who was supposed to keep him in sight. Had he drugged him or tied him up as Hadley had been tied, or merely and effectively killed him? Nothing less would excuse the man's failure to keep the watch set. If he had any influence with Watson, that man would have justice measured out to him.

Presently he realized that he was in so unfamiliar a part of the town that he had practically lost his bearings. He knew the general direction he wished to take, but what with turnings and twistings he had no idea of the most direct way to get there. There seemed to be no street names on the corners here, and the streets were entirely deserted. He knew he wanted to go to his right, but he had got upon a winding street that ran along the edge of a bluff and seemed to have no opening to the right. In order to get out of the pocket into which he had dropped, he decided to cut through the yard of the house by which he had stopped to reconnoiter. It would, at any rate, enable him to get on another street, and perhaps then he would see his way clear. Accordingly he jumped the low garden fence and picked his way among the vegetable beds and across the debris of a disorderly back yard. Apparently the owner of the house was having some repairs done, for he stumbled over an empty paint bucket in the yard, and a painter's ladder was resting against the house. There was only a narrow walk between the house and the fence, but Burton slipped past quietly, and thankfully saw that the way on the front was perfectly open and clear.

As he stepped out into the street, he thought he heard a cry. He stopped on the instant and listened intently, but it was not repeated. There had been some quality of terror in the cry that startled him—or it might simply have been the effect of any sudden cry on the still night. He could not be sure whether it came from the house he had passed or elsewhere. If any one were in trouble, surely he would call again. Burton felt that it would prove exceedingly embarrassing if he rang up the owner of the house only to find that he had been waking himself up from a wholly personal and private nightmare.

After waiting a minute to make sure that there was no further call or sound of any kind, he hurried on. He knew that he was late for his appointment, and he might spoil the whole scheme by coming upon the scene at the wrong moment. At the next lamppost he found the name of the street—Larch. He knew now where he was. Also, he suddenly remembered that Selby lived on Larch street.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Trap Is Sprung.

Watson lived in a modest frame house set well back in its grounds and shaded by some fine old trees. Burton was thankful to find that he had, after all, come with reasonable directness to the place. There was no light in the windows to show that any one was up, but he went to the front door and tapped softly in a preconcerted fashion. The door was opened at once by Watson himself, who drew him into the hall, and then guided him through the darkness into an inner room. Here he removed the hood from a small lamp, and revealed the fact that there was another man in the room. It proved to be Ralston. He looked at Burton with a quizzical smile.

"Watson thought it would be best to let me in on this," he said, in a low voice. "He knew that I would never have forgiven him if he hadn't."

"That's all right. I'm glad you are here," said Burton. He guessed that Watson, at the last moment, had needed some confirmation of this irregular project, and he was glad that he had been inspired to appeal to Ralston rather than to any one else. Ralston had imagination, and therefore was better equipped for seeing a truth that is not yet revealed.

"I was afraid I might be late," he added. And then he told of his explorations in unknown territory and of the outcry he had heard from the house on Larch Street.

Watson listened with professional attention. "Did it sound like a cry for help?" he asked.

"It sounded like the cry of some one in terror. It might have been some in a nightmare. There was no other sound and no disturbance."

"You don't know the house?"

"No. It was a two-story frame house, narrow and high, with a porch in front. It was on the west side of Larch, and the next cross-street this way from it is James. I noticed that as I came along."

"Why, that's Selby's house!" exclaimed Ralston. "The plot thickens. I don't know why Selby shouldn't have a nightmare if he wants to, as well as any other man, but it looks rather significant that he should have a nightmare on this particular night, doesn't it, now?"

Watson was looking at Burton with a puzzled air.

"If anything has happened to Selby, we might as well know it," said Burton, answering his look.

"I'll telephone to the station," said Watson, and stepped out of the room.

"What made you say to Selby, instead of of, by, for, or from Selby?" asked Ralston curiously. "What makes you think anything could have happened to Selby?"

"I hope nothing has," said Burton abruptly. "—but—"

"But what?"

"Don't tell Watson yet. He'll feel that he ought to investigate, and I want to keep him still for an hour or two. But the truth is, I'm uncomfortable over that cry, now that I come to think of it because Henry Underwood is loose somewhere in town tonight."

"I thought Watson said he was under special guard."

"He was. He got away—through the window. I was passing the house and was just in time to see him escaping, but could not stop him. Of course it doesn't necessarily follow—"

"No, of course it doesn't," said Ralston, though he looked serious. "Henry wasn't in love with Selby, but it doesn't follow that he would—use violence in any way."

"Of course not," echoed Burton. In his own mind he was pushing away the thought of Selby's newly announced engagement as though he would force himself to ignore its significance. It was like the final bit in a puzzle which so obviously solves the whole mystery that no argument about its fitness is needed.

Watson returned softly. "I've sent a man out to look Selby's place over," he said quietly. "He won't let himself be seen unless he is satisfied something is wrong. Now, if you please, I'll take you up-stairs. You'll have to follow me without a light."

He guided them to a rear room on the second floor with an open window looking out into the darkness of the night.

"The woodshed roof is just below this window," said Watson, "and there's a ladder against the shed. If any one really wanted to break into this house, he would have an easy job of it tonight."

"Houses burgled while you wait," laughed Ralston, excitedly.

"It looks all right," said Burton. "Now, if anything is to happen, we'd better keep quiet."

They settled into convenient chairs to wait.

To set a trap is one thing. To catch the quarry is quite another. It does not always follow the setting of the trap, even when there are tracks enough on the ground to warrant some confidence. Burton realized keenly that there were a thousand chances for his failure to one for success. And yet something that was more like the intuition of the hunter than plain reason kept him quitely hopeful through the draggingly slow minutes. He had set the dav as the limit of their vigil, and though he could not read the face of his watch he knew that they must have been sitting quiet for something like an hour when there was the sudden tinkle of the telephone bell downstairs.

"Don't answer it," he murmured, as Watson rose softly.

"I must," Watson answered, in the same undertone. "No one outside can either see or hear me. It may be something important."

He went softly down the stairs and they heard him close the door of the room below before he answered the call.

"I'll bet you something has happened to Selby," said Ralston, a quiver of excitement in his guarded voice. "Take me up? Come, now, before Watson gets back! I'll make it two to one! In anything you like. Three to one! Five to one!"

"Cut that out," said Burton impatiently. "Keep still." He fancied he had heard a sound outside, and every nerve was strained to make sure of it.

But at that moment the door below opened abruptly, and Watson came up the sairs in a hurry.

"You may as well drop this tomfoolery," he said, at the door, speaking without precaution or care. "Selby is dead,—stabbed through the heart. My men have found Henry Underwood's cuff-button beside the bed, and they'll soon have him. That's what comes of your theatrical plans, Mr. Burton, and of my cursed foolishness in letting Henry out of jail. This is a pretty night's work."

"Oh, why didn't you take me up?" exclaimed Ralston, in a rapture of excitement.

"Hush!" said Burton suddenly. He thought again that he heard that faint sound outside. Unconsciously he caught each of the other men by the arm, and drew them back against the wall.

Was it a shadow that darkened against the sky,—a shadow in the shape of a man that swung up over the window-ledge in light swift silence, and was poised for an instant against the patch of light that marked the place of the window? Something had dropped into the room as softly as a cat. There was a moment of absolute stillness. Burton held his breath and tried to hush the noisy beating of his heart. Then there came the soft scratch of a safety match, and a point of light marked a spot in the darkness. Then a candle wick caught the point and nursed it into a light, and a man's face was revealed.

Watson's muscles had been tense under Burton's detaining hand. Now he whistled shrilly and at the same instant leaped forward and closed with the intruder. There was a moment's struggle, and then the room was suddenly lit as two men who had been stationed outside rushed in with lights. The chief was down on the floor with the man he had assailed. For a moment they all fought in a furious melee, but the policemen met brute strength with brute strength, and the click of the handcuffs told the end. Then they lifted the man to his feet, and Watson held the lamp close to his sullen face. After a long look he turned to Burton.

"You are right," he said, and set the lamp upon the table. His hand was not quite steady.

"You don't mean it!" exclaimed Ralston, staring hard at the unknown face of the man. "Is it possible that it really is—Ben Bussey?"

"No one else," said Watson, stooping to pick up a bundle that had fallen on the floor. It was a loosely tied package of rags, soaked in kerosene.

"That's the way the Sprigg house was fired," he said.

Ben parted his lips, but it was not to speak. His teeth were locked tight behind his snarling lips. His eyes were set on Burton.

"How long have you been doing this sort of thing?" persisted Ralston, studying Ben with a curiosity that could not be satisfied. "Those old tricks that we all laid up against Henry,—did you do that, too?"

Ben turned his head at that and looked at his questioner. The look of triumph that flashed into his eyes was as plain as any words could have been, but he did not answer otherwise.

"Take him to the station," Watson said to his men.

But Burton interposed. He had been watching Ben, and he saw that if they were to get anything from him in the way of admission, he must be goaded into speech before he had time to fully realize the advantages of standing persistently mute.

"No hurry about that," he said, with a slight sign to the chief. "I want to tell you something about how I got on this trail, and Ben may as well hear it."

"There are important matters waiting," Watson reminded him, in a significant aside.

"Nothing more important than this—now," said Burton. Watson hesitated, but drew back, leaving Ben, with a policeman on either side of him, where the light fell on his somber face.

"I was first positively convinced that Henry Underwood was not the man on the night of the Hadley assault," Burton began, with deliberation. "That knotting of the rope was far to neat for a man with a forefinger as stiff as a wooden peg. You made a mistake that time, Ben. Didn't your mother tell you that Henry had cut his finger?"

But Ben refused to be drawn. He lifted his upper lip over his closed teeth, but gave no other sign of attending.

Of course it was clear from the first that the person who was making the trouble had easy access to the Underwood house and very up-to-date information about everything that went on in the house. At first I, too, thought it must be Henry. Then, when I satisfied myself that it wasn't, I began to keep a watch on Selby."

"Poor old Selb," said Ralston, with sudden recollection.

"Poor old Henry," said Burton sternly. "He had been goaded past endurance. Selby's slate was by no means clear, though I acquit him of many of my suspicions. But I am telling you now why I suspected him. He hated Henry and was jealous of him. He was a party to the discovery of Henry's knife near the Sprigg house, and I thought I had reason to believe he had himself dropped it there. He had access to the Red House through his business relations with Ben, and Mrs. Bussey was an eavesdropper and spy who could easily have given him the inside information required. Finally he had in his possession a number of Indian baskets and was known to have been much among the Indians as a boy. I was certain that the strong and supple fingers that had twisted the lilac bushes into a net to hold the Sprigg baby and that had knotted the cords into a snare about Mr. Hadley had learned the trick of Indian weaving when they were young."

Ben's chest heaved. He was looking at Burton with a look that made Watson glance warningly at the officers who stood beside him. Burton went on with his nerve-trying deliberation.

"I went up to the Reservation with the hope of finding some one who would remember teaching young Selby how to tie the peculiar and unusual knot I had noticed. I found Ehimmeshunka, who makes the baskets, and the old chief Washitonka, who knew Ben's father, but I could not get them to talk about the old times. How did you get word to them to hold their tongue, Ben?"

Ben affected not to hear. Watson looked up in quick surprise as though he would have spoken, and then checked himself. The others, who understood by this time Burton's plans of exasperating Ben into speech, said nothing.

"Finally, just as I was leaving, Pahrunta, who sells the baskets to travellers at the station, gave me a clue. By the way," he added, turning to Ralston, "there was a bit of poetic justice in that. The first day I was in High Ridge, I saw Selby rudely strike away her arm, when she tried to stop him to speak to him. It was in revenge for that blow that she gave me the information I wanted and which I could not get from the others. She showed me an old daguerreotype with Selby's portrait in it. It must have been an old keepsake given by him in the early days when they were friends. There was another portrait in it also,—Ben's. Then it occurred to me that Ben was more likely to have learned basket making than Selby, because he had an aptitude for handicrafts. He had all the opportunities Selby had,—provided he could walk. In order to find out whether his paralysis was a sham, I arranged with Watson to have an alarm of fire given at such a time that I should have an opportunity of observing Ben immediately before and immediately after. I spilled a red powder over his clothing just as the alarm sounded. I left him alone in the room, and when I went back, five minutes later, I saw by the marks of the powder that he had left his chair, walked to the head of the stairs to look and listen, and gone back to his chair. That was all I needed to know.

Ben broke silence at last. "I should have killed you first," he said simply.

"All that was necessary after that was to catch him in the act," continued Burton. "Of course that was now merely a question of time and watchfulness, since we knew his secret, but he walked into the first trap we set. I told him Henry was to be free for one day only, and hinted that it would be bad for his reputation of anything happened to Watson, who was opposed to letting him out,—which was a fact! It was the old situation; an opportunity to throw suspicion on Henry. He took the bait."

"And all these years he has been able to walk!" exclaimed Ralston. "The cunning of it! And the patience! How did you always know so surely how to strike, Ben?"

Still Ben did not speak. It was Burton who answered for him.

"Mrs. Bussey kept him informed of the gossip of the town. If you will recall the several instances, I think you will find there was no single case where her prying and spying and his activity will not sufficiently supply the answer."

"But the Hadley case! There were so many things that pointed to Henry—the cord he had bought—"

"And which, of course, Mrs. Bussey could get hold of. It was well thought out."

"And Selby's watchchain! Did you rob Selby, Ben?"

"Whether he robbed Selby or not, he certainly concealed his watchchain and the other things in the surgery," said Burton.

"And did you tamper with my medicines, Ben?" a grave voice asked from the door—a voice full of infinite sadness and pity. Dr. Underwood had entered from the unlit hall and now stood fronting Ben with searching eyes. "Did you touch the bottle I had prepared for old man Means?"

If those in the room were startled by the doctor's unexpected appearance, they were still less prepared for the effect on Ben. The determined silence which had been proof against Burton's taunts was dropped. His eyes glittered with excitement.

"You thought I didn't know where the strychnine was," he said, with an air of careless triumph. "I tried it on old Means just for a joke. It was a good thing to know where it was, because sometime, when I was tired of playing with you, I meant to kill you—all—all—all! You thought Ben was lying there like a log—tied up—and you didn't know that he could get out when you were asleep and tie things up in a hard, tight knot—like string—tie you all up till you couldn't get free!—not kill you at first—have fun with you first—" His voice sank into a monotonous montotone, and all at once he seemed to have forgotten his audience. He lifted his hands and looked curiously at the handcuffs that fastened his wrists.

"He's put my hands to sleep," he said, with a childish laugh. Then his laugh turned into a snarl, malevolent and sinister.

"I'm tired of playing with you. Now I'm going to kill you and be done with it," he cried, lunging toward the doctor. The two policemen held him and he turned upon them furiously, trying to strike them with his manacled hands. His face had grown suddenly malignant.

"Let me go. I will kill you all. Let me go. You can't keep me tied up. I will get away in the night—I can fool you all—"

Watson nodded to his men and they took Ben from the room, still shouting his curios mechanical curses at them, like a violent talking machine that is running down. When the door closed behind him every man in the room realized that he had been unconsciously holding his breath. Burton went up to the doctor and put his hand on his shoulder.

"How much did you hear?"

"I heard your story," he said wearily. "I—wanted to speak to Watson. The door was open, and I heard voices, so I came in and saw the light up here. I heard what you said from the hall there."

"I can quite understand that this has been a shock to you," said Burton, "but it completely clears Henry." He suddenly bit his lip as he realized that Henry was more deeply involved than ever before, and hurried on. "It is quite obvious that Ben must be insane. He is dangerous and would not long have been content with the minor crimes that have amused him so far. The taint must have been long latent. Probably hereditary."

"That reminds me," said Watson quickly. "You were wondering why the Indians wouldn't talk to you. I believe it was old Bussey. I saw him here one evening in that little park opposite the hotel. I haven't seen him for years and years, but I knew him at once. I told my men to look out for him, but he hasn't been seen since. He's a slim old man—lively as a youngster. Runs like an Indian, with his knees up and his head down."

"Then I believe I have seen him, myself," said Burton. Twice. Once the first day I was here, talking to Mrs. Bussey back of your house, Doctor, and again up at the reservation. That explains. He had been hanging around High Ridge long enough to know me by sight, and he guessed that I was one of the other party, and so he warned his friends simply to tell me nothing that I wanted to know. I wonder how far he was in with Ben's schemes."

"He hasn't been hanging around High Ridge very much since I've been in office, I'll swear to that," said Watson. "I know old Bussey pretty well, and he knows me. He never would come into a town if he could help it. You never saw him hanging about your house, did you, Doctor?"

"No; I thought he was dead," said Underwood. He spoke absently, as were keeping his mind on their talk with something of an effort. Now he turned to Watson with the simple directness that had endeared him to Burton from the first.

"What's this about Henry's escape?" he asked.

"Why—Henry has got away, hasn't he?" Watson answered evasively.

"It seems so. One of your men woke me up an hour ago to see if Henry were in the house, and when we went to his room we found Mason sleeping across the door, but Henry's window was open and he was gone. How did you happen to send to inquire"

"Selby has been killed," said Watson.

The doctor drew a quick breath, but said nothing. The silence in the room was so keen that the scratching of Ralston's pencil (he was scribbling like mad at the edge of the table was like an affront. Burton moved restlessly over to the open window and looked down the way by which Ben had climbed up.

Watson cleared his throat.

"Of course he'll have a chance to explain things," he said, with laborious carlessness.

A sharp exclamation came from Burton, who was leaning out of the window.

"Watson! Look here!"

Watson was getting nervous. He jumped to Burton's side as though he expected an attack from the open window.

"Look here, on the window-sill,—it's fresh paint," said Burton quickly. "I put my hand on it. Get a better light. See there,—and below there. Those marks must have been made by Ben when he climbed in. There must have been paint on his clothes somewhere."

"Perhaps," said Watson, looking carefully at the faint traces on the window-sill. "What of it?"

"When I was stumbling through Selby's back yard this evening, I noticed a painter's ladder there and an empty paint bucket on the ground. There must have been fresh paint on Selby's house tonight."

"My God!" said Ralston, and his tone was not irreverent. "Ben came here from Selby's! It was he who stabbed Selby. And he left Henry's cuff button in the room to throw suspicion, as usual, on Henry. It was his last coup."

"Perhaps," Watson repeated slowly. "But—where is Henry?"

Like an answer, there was a sharp ring at the door-bell, and before any one could move, the house door was flung open and Henry himself stood in the hall below.

"I say, Watson!" he called aloud.

"Oh, yes, I'm coming," said Watson, in patient amaze, as he hurried down the stairs. The others were at his heels, and all four men faced Henry,—if this were Henry who awaited them. There was a sparkle of laughter in his eye and a flush of energy and happiness on his face that transformed him almost past recognition.

"Hope I don't disturb a secret midnight meeting of any sort," he said, glancing around at the group with obvious surprise. "I only wanted Watson. Mason let me get lost, and I was afraid Watson would be worried about me, so I came around to let him know that I am safe. Do you want me to go back home, or would you rather send some one to show me the way to jail?"

While Watson hunted for an answer, the doctor pushed in front of him.

"Henry, where have you been tonight? What have you been doing?"

There was an appeal in his voice that no one could have heard with indifference, and Burton was thankful that Henry answered at once and with none of his old cynical mockery.

"I have been getting married," he said.

"Oh, Joy!" murmured Ralston, in the background.

Henry turned to Watson as he explained.

"I heard today, or yesterday, I suppose it is now, that Selby was engaged,—that is, that he said he was engaged,—to Minnie Hadley. I wanted to speak to her about it, and I didn't see any chance of doing it without the whole town knowing it unless I gave Mason the slip. So I waited till he was asleep and then I shinned down the tree. Burton here tried to stop me, but I didn't have time to explain. I got Minnie down by throwing pebbles on her window, and when we had talked things over we decided that the best way to make things safe for the future was to be married right away. So we went over to Mr. Domat's house,—he's Minnie's minister,—and he married us, and I guess it's legal all right, even if I am in the custody of the law. Then I took her home,—I took her back to Mr. Hadley's. I was on my way back home when I ran across old Higgins, who said the whole force was out looking for me. I preferred to come by myself rather than to be brought like a runaway schoolboy, so I came here instead of going to the station, because I thought this was your personal affair, Watson. You put me on my word, and you might have known I was going to keep it. What made you stir up such a hullaballoo about my merely temporary absence?"

"Because," said Watson dryly, "during your merely temporary absence Selby was killed. Your cuff-button was found in his room. It seemed advisable to find the rest of you as soon as possible."

Henry looked so startled and so guilty that Burton interposed. He could not bear to see for even a moment the old look of defiance on Henry's face.

"Go on, Watson. Tell him the rest."

"Ben Bussey is under arrest. We caught him in an attempt to fire his house, but from certain indictations, it looks as though the charge against him now would be for the murder of Selby rather than arson. But if your alibi isn't good—!"

"Ben, you say? Ben Bussey?" Henry repeated, in a bewildered manner.

Tht doctor went up to Henry and threw his arm across his shoulders.

"Ben has been able to walk for years, my boy. He concealed the fact and pretended to be helpless, but it seems clear that it is he who has been working all the mischief in High Ridge, and that he has now ended by killing Selby. Whether he had any grudge against Selby, or whether it was merely another attempt to involve you circumstantially, I don't know."

Henry did not speak. His face was hard set to hide the emotions that must have surged within.

"You go home with your father, Henry," said Watson gruffly. "You are still on parole,—that's all the guard I'll ask for. Now it's so near daylight that if you don't mind, I am going to say good morning to you. I have a lot of work to do."

The four men shook hands with him and went out. The cool breeze of the early dawn was blowing freshly through the streets of the village and it struck their faces with a pleasant little tang.

"A great night," said the doctor thoughtfully, looking about.

"And a new day," said Burton, with a smile. "Good night, Mr. Underwood, and my congratulations. Good night, Doctor. I shall see you tomorrow,—or later in the day, I should say, rather."

"Good night," said Henry.

"Come early," said the doctor. They turned away together, and Burton saw with keen satisfaction that they had not gone half a dozen steps before they were arm in arm.

"It's good to see that," he said to Ralston, nodding toward the two departing.

"Yes," said Ralston. Then he laughed a little. "I wonder if there isn't one fly in Henry's ointment tonight,—Selby didn't hear of his elopement!"

(To be continued.)

WONDERED WHY

Found the Answer Was "Coffee."

Many pale, sickly persons wonder for years why they have to suffer so, and eventually discover that the drug—caffeine—in coffee is the main cause of the trouble.

"I was always very fond of coffee and drank it every day. I never had much flesh and often wondered why I was always so pale, thin and weak.

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"In one week I began to feel better. I could eat more and sleep better. My sick headaches were less frequent, and within five months I looked and felt like a new being, headache spells entirely gone.

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INDIAN GOVERNMENT

Please give the forms of government of the American Indians.—R. H., Middlebourne, W. Va.

The known units of the social and political organization of the North American Indians are family, the clan or gens, the phratry, the tribe, and the confederation. Of these the tribe and the confederation are the only units completely organized. The structures of only two or three confederations are known, and that of the Iroquois is the type example. The confederation of tribes was not usual, because the union of several tribes brought together many conflicting interests which could not be adjusted without sacrifices that appeared to overbalance the benefits of permanent confederation, and because statesmanship of the needed breadth and astuteness was usually missing. Hence tribal government remains as the prevailing type of the social organization in this area. In most tribes the military were carefully discriminated from the civil functions. The civil government was lodged in a council body of men usually called chiefs, of whom there were commonly several grades. Usually the chiefs were organized in a council exercising legislative, judicial and executive functions in matters pertaining to the welfare of the tribe. The civil chief was not by virtue of his office a military leader. Among the Iroquois the civil chief in order to go to war had to resign his civil function during his absence on the warpath.

In tribal society every structural unit has, so far as is known, the right to hold a council. The ohwachira can hold a council, the family can hold a council, and the united ohwachira councils with their officers from the council of the clan or gens. The clan or gens has a right to hold a council. The chiefs of the clans and gentes are the tribal chiefs, who form the tribal councils; but on occasions of great emergencies a grand council is held, composed of the chiefs and sub-chiefs, the matrons and head warriors of the ohwachira, and the leading men of the tribe. Besides, there is the council of the confederation. So there are family councils, clan councils, gentile councils, tribal councils, and confederation councils, respectively exercising sway in separate and independent jurisdictions.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Will the Question Bureau please give history of the life of George Washington?—J. W. S., Bland, Va.

George Washington was born in Westmoreland county, Virginia, February 22, 1732, and died December 14, 1799. At the age of sixteen he left school and became a surveyor. The first striking public event of his life was his trip as a messenger from the Virginian to the French governor in 1753-1754. The following summer he fought a battle at Great Meadows, ushering in the French and Indian war. The next year he served on Braddock's staff at Monongahela. He continued in the army until 1759, in which same year he married and entered the Virginia House of Burgesses. For several years he led the life of a planter. He was appointed commander-in-chief of the army in 1775. After a succession of defeats Washington surprised the country by his work at Trenton and victory at Princeton. In the autumn of 1777 his army, though defeated at Brandywine and Germantown, kept a large British force occupied. Then came the gloomy winter at Valley Forge and the cabal of Conway and Gates. The battle of Monmouth was won in the summer, after which active hostilities drifted to the south. In 1781 Washington showed his qualities as a general in his secret and rapid march from the Hudson to Chesapeake Bay, a march which resulted in the fall of Yorktown. In 1783 he resigned his commission to congress at Annapolis. Four years later he presided over the Federal convention. He was then elected unanimously president, and was inaugurated in 1789. He served in this office for eight years. Perhaps even his greatness was better shown by his conduct as president than by his generalship. When war with France seemed imminent in 1798, he was appointed lieutenant-general, but died soon after at Mt. Vernon.

ESPERANTO

Please tell something about the language called Esperanto.—E. H., Allen, W. Va.

The Esperanto language was first published by a Spanish scholar in 1890. It is an artificial language and is composed from different languages. The great advantage of Esperanto is that people of different nationalities can congregate and talk to one another without being versed in all of the languages. It is of great advantage in business as well as the requirements of science and learning. A person possessing an average common school education can acquire the language readily, for it is very simple. After one has studied several months he can converse readily in it, something that cannot be done with the present languages. There are many clubs and classes formed for the study of Esperanto, scattered throughout the United States. It is believed by some that Esperanto will be spoken by the majority of people at some time in the future.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON

Please give an account of the life of Helen Hunt Jackson.—I. T. P., Bourbon, Indiana.

Helen Marie Fiske was the daughter of Prof. N. W. Fiske, of Amherst college. She was born in Amherst, Mass., Oct, 18, 1831, and died in San Francisco, August 12, 1885. In October, 1852, she was married to Capt. Edward B. Hunt, an officer of the engineer corps of the regular army. He was killed while experimenting with a submarine battery at the navy yard in Brooklyn in 1862. Mrs. Hunt became known as a writer over the signature of "H. H." In 1875 she married William S. Jackson, and spent much of her time thereafter in Colorado Springs, where her husband was a banker. She became actively interested in the treatment of the Indians by the United States government and strove to better their condition. In 1883 she was appointed special commissioner to examine into the condition of the Mission Indians in California, and while thus engaged she studied the history of the early Spanish missions. From her deathbed she wrote a pathetic appeal to the president with reference to "righting the wrongs of the Indian race." She was buried near the summit of Cheyenne mountain, four miles from Colorado Springs, in a place of her own choosing, but the reckless vandalism of tourists was such that the body was removed to a grave in Evergreen cemetery, Colorado Springs, where it now rests.

ENGLISH TITLES

Please explain why George Calvert was given the name of Lord Baltimore and not that of Lord Calvert.—H. R. D., New Haven, Ind.

It is the custom in England that all titled persons bear the name of their estates. The estate of the Calverts was known as Baltimore, thus the head of the family was known as Lord Baltimore. This applies to all the noblemen. For example, Richard Neville, the Earl of Warwick, was known as Lord Warwick and not as Lord Neville. Dudley, the Earl of Leicester, was known as Lord Leicester.

THE FIRST TELEGRAM

Please give the first message that was ever sent over telegraph wires.—V. M. P., Anderson, Mich.

The first telegraph message was sent from the United States supreme court room in the capitol at Washington to Baltimore, May 24, 1844. From that day the telegraph was a success. The message read as follows: "What hath God wrought?"

RACE MARRIAGES

Will you inform me as to what states permit the marriage of whites and blacks with one another?—W. T. S., McDonough, Ga.

The states and territories permitting the marriage of whites and persons of negro descent are Connecticut, District of Columbia, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Montana, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New Mexico, New York, North Dakota, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Washington, Wisconsin and Wyoming.

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MARRIAGE OF COUSINS

Please tell in what states the law prohibits cousins from marrying.—E. B., Sentinel Butte, N. D.

Marriage between first cousins is forbidden in Alaska, Arizona, Arkansas, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Missouri, Nevada, New Hampshire, North Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, South Dakota, Washington and Wyoming.

THE DARK AGES

Will you please give an account of the period called the dark ages?—J. B., Clayton, Ill.

The Dark Ages is a term applied in its widest sense to that period of intellectual depression in the history of Europe from the establishment of the barbarian supremacy in the fifth century to the revival of learning about the beginning of the 15th, thus the middle ages. The last of the ancient authors was Bothius, after whose death, about 524, the decline of literature, prepared during several previous centuries, became inconceivably rabid. The darkest period of Europe generally was about the seventh century. The earliest sign of revival, however, was seen in Ireland as far back as the sixth. In the 10th Italy and England were in a deplorable condition of barbarism, while in France and Germany there was more or less culture, which increased considerably during the 11th. The comparative prosperity of scholastic learning in the 11th and 12th centuries was followed by a relapse in taste and classical knowledge which lasted through the 13th and 14th.

ROBERT D. OWEN

Please give a sketch of the life of Robert Dale Owen.—S. C. M., Lowsville, W. Va.

Robert Dale Owen, the American social reformer, was born in Glasgow, Scotland, November 9, 1800, and died at Lake George on June 17, 1877. He was educated in Switzerland and England, and came to the United States for the first time in 1825 in connection with the ill-starred communistic experiment of the elder Owen in Indiana. In 1828 he received from Fanny Wright 860 acres of unimproved land near Memphis, Tennessee, for the purpose of establishing under white direction a settlement of liberated negroes. This scheme was as impossible as the other. The following year he established in New York a socialistic and agnostic publication with the help of Fanny Wright. In 1832 Owen returned to Indiana, where he was elected to the legislature as a Democrat. He was also elected to congress in 1843 and 1846. Owen was prominent in the founding of the Smithsonian Institution, and in the remodeling of the Indiana constitution. In 1853 he was made charge d'affaires at Naples, and two years later minister. After his return to the United States he became active as an abolitionist. He was, at least in later days, a firm believer in spiritualism, and in this connection has written some of his most interesting works.

RADIUM DESCRIBED

Please give a description of radium.—E. S., Greenville, Pa.

Radium is a metal, and while it is never prepared in a metallic form, it readily could be so produced, although only at a great loss, involving

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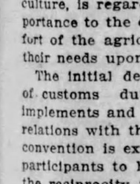

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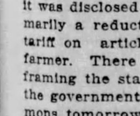

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CANADA FARMERS MEET

Better Trade Relations With U. S. Will Be Asked of Government.

Ottawa, Ont., Dec. 16.—A thousand prosperous Canadian farmers assembled in the grand opera house at Ottawa yesterday to formulate demands on the dominion government. They had come from all parts of Canada, every province being represented with the exception of Prince Edward Island, the smallest and British Columbia, the largest. This, the first meeting of the Canadian council of agriculture, is regarded as of greatest importance to the dominion. It is an effort of the agriculturalists to impress their needs upon the law makers.

The initial demand is for abolition of customs duties on agricultural implements and for better commercial relations with the United States. The convention is expected by many of its participants to have some effect upon the reciprocity negotiations to be resumed at Washington next month.

Conflict Prospect Dies.

The delegates from the east and the west of Canada had feared that there might be some conflict of views as to the demands to be made upon the government.

Early in today's meeting, however, it was disclosed that both wanted primarily a reduction of the Canadian tariff on articles essential to the farmer. There was little difficulty in framing the statement to be made to the government in the house of commons tomorrow. Its basis is the alleged necessity of a reduction of the Canadian tariff and the abolition of duties on implements, lumber and cement. Confidence was expressed that the government would undertake to introduce along these lines.

Monster Gar in Ohio Creek.

Columbus Despatch.

Thomas Q. Pringle while fishing with George Dohr in Deer Creek near Mount Sterling recently pulled out a monster gar three feet long. Mr. Pringle slashed off the head from the long, snakelike body and presented it, as it is a decided curiosity, a gar of that length not having been taken on a hook in that vicinity for years.

The cruel jaws with the needlelike teeth are about four inches long and the coloring of the head is most beautiful. It is a light gray or silver and is handsomely tinted with purple slashes throughout.

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SANITATION A NEED

Least Mortality in Rural Districts, but Health Must Be Guarded.

"Back to the farm," seems to be the present-day slogan. Men born and reared on the farm in later life migrated to the cities, only to sooner or later discover that they made a mistake. Agriculture in all its branches is on the ascendency, and its true independence—both from a financial and a health standpoint—is again calling its sons "back to the farm," says the Philadelphia Record.

It is accepted that, in general, outdoor occupations are more healthful and conducive to long life than indoor industries. A table published some years ago in England shows that the mortality among farmers is less than among any other class studied, except the clergymen. Taking the latter as a standard at 100, the mortality among farmers is 14 per cent greater, or 114; grocers, 139; fishermen, 143; carpenters, 148; lawyers, 152; shoemakers, 166; blacksmiths, 175; tailors, 189; physicians, 202; butchers, 211; plumbers and painters, 216; brewers, 245; filemakers, 300; hotel service, 397. Many other occupations are omitted from the above list, but these show how much more chance the farmer has for long life than those in other business.

In part this is due to a more liberal and varied food supply. The monotony of the farmer's occupation is varied by the change of seasons and successions of crops, and the tiller of the soil is not affected by the practical sameness of his work, as the hurry, the anxiety and the worry of the business man, the financier or the politician, or the broken rest, scenes of suffering and chances of infectious diseases of the physicians, nurses and hospital attendants.

Mortality Less in Country.

Dr. Samuel W. Abbott says country life in general is more healthful than city life, and the average mortality is less in the country than in the city. The fresh outdoor air helps to promote health and long life, but fresh indoor air is quite as important, and especially that in sleeping rooms. In many farm houses of modern construction the sleeping rooms are too small and lacking in means for proper ventilation. The foul air cannot get out to be renewed by fresh air from out of doors in a room with windows and doors tightly closed, unless there is an open fireplace or grate, and the grate is not sufficient for proper ventilation unless there is a fire in it.

It is essential to have pure water, and while the water supply of farms is, as a rule, superior to that of thickly settled villages where it is drawn from private wells, there are many cases of badly polluted wells on the farms, and when the water is used in dairies where milk is supplied to large populations they are a source of serious danger to public health. Driven wells are the safeguards. From these the water cannot become impure, coming up fresh from the bowels of the earth.

Water is not always pure that is clean and good tasting. It may even then be badly polluted. No well should be located in close proximity to the cowyard, the back yard of the house, the barn cellar or house cellar, the neighborhood of the hog sty or the cesspool.

In hilly or mountainous sections it is a common practice to bring water from springs higher than the house and free from all danger of contamination. But in doing this there may be an element of danger in using lead pipe. This is increased by long lines of pipe, and still more when pains are not taken to draw off in the morning the water that has stood in the pipe overnight. It is safer to use no lead pipe at all, but to use iron, which is entirely safe, and the cost of occasional renewal is not a serious tax.

There may be danger from the water that goes out of the house as well as from that which comes in. The pool of water near the back door or under the windows of sleeping rooms is not a pleasant or healthful ornament. If the water is run into a cesspool it should be so constructed that no foul odors can escape into the house.

The Farmer Needs Recreation.

The farmer needs recreation, but not of the kinds which will give him more exercise, such as rowing or football. Fishing, sailing or some sort of indoor games to divert his mind may give him needed rest. Good reading is another excellent form of recreation, and no farmer's house should be without access to a good library, to which should be added a subscription to some good farm journal and such other periodicals as his means will permit.

It should be the duty of every farmer to lay aside a certain amount of money each year for some means of enjoyment, something in which the entire family can be benefited. Not only good reading matter and sports, but also music—a piano, an organ or a graphaphone, for instance—something that will give life to the surroundings and make the winter evenings enjoyable. Attractions like these will go a great way toward keeping the boys and girls on the farm. Many farmers are entirely too selfish when it comes to home enjoyments. They care too little for the family's entertainment. Let sunshine into the home and there will not only be a longer lease of life, but there will be so much pleasure that the work on the next day will be more easily performed, and life will surely be worth living for.

The Farmstead

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

Somebody please tell me what I may use with broomcorn seed to make a well-balanced, egg-producing ration for chickens.—N., Ravenswood, W. Va.

Will someone kindly tell me how much salt is required to make ten gallons of good sauer kraut?—C., Chicago, Ill.

I keep one Jersey cow that gives a fair quantity of milk, but we have been unable to get butter for the last three churnings. I would like to know the reason and know what to do.—E., Westfield, N. Y.

Will some Farmstead reader explain why I can get no butter from my cream Sometimes I churn all day and then no butter comes. I use a cream thermometer and heat the cream all the way from 62 to 80 degrees, but the result is the same—just foams up like whipped cream. Our cows are given plenty of salt. Will someone reply at once and oblige.—L., Andover, N. Y.

RAISING GINSENG

I raise the wild ginseng, for the reason that both the seed and roots command the highest price. My beds are made side by side, three feet wide, and any length, with space enough to walk between. The plants are set in rows eight inches apart and eight inches apart in the row. Rover with leaves or sawdust. Shade should be provided by planting beneath trees or building a frame of lath for the support of vines. If you cultivate use a small hand plow and hoe. Keep clean of weeds. Ginseng grows from the seed.—W., Stockport, Ohio.

Little Farm Items to Interest and Inform

Owing to its abundance, straw is added to barnyard manure, but it may be made more serviceable if made fine with the feed cutter before being used. While straw may soon rot after being mixed with manure, yet in a fine condition it is a much better absorbent and may be forked into the manure with advantage. When loading and spreading manure there is a saving of labor when handling that which is fine, and the manure will be more valuable because the loss of ammonia will be arrested by the use of suitable absorbent materials.

Do not feed pigs too much corn while they are young. Corn is a fat-producing food and does not accelerate growth. Feed shoats tankage, shorts and bran in sufficient quantity to cause rapid growth.

Soil moisture determinations were made on plowed and unplowed soil at the Delaware Experiment Station. On an average for the season the unplowed land contained 3.7 per cent. less moisture than the plowed soil. During the autumn and winter months the subsoil of the plowed portion contained on an average 3.7 per cent. more moisture than the unplowed portion.

Progressive New York farmers no longer limit the cultivation of their potatoes to one or two harrowings. They keep the cultivator running through their potatoes continually, thereby preserving a fine shallow dust mulch which breaks the attraction of water to the surface and keeps the soil moist, even through long periods of dry weather. This is one of the secrets of success in dry farming which is adaptable to Eastern conditions. The other secret of profitable crop production is a deep soil well filed with decaying vegetable matter, spoken of so frequently by the agricultural professors as humus.

Greiner says his preference is for stable manure on asparagus, and he believes that one cannot injure an asparagus bed by putting it on freely or otherwise at any time of the year. Muriate of potash is also good. It should be applied in the fall. Lime is also useful.

During the last year the lime sulphur wash, which for a number of years has been employed to prevent damage to trees by the San Jose scale, was tried with great success in several localities as a protection of orchard tree trunks against the attack of rabbits, says Secretary Wilson. The remedy is cheap, and as a rule a single treatment in the fall appears to protect trees for the entire winter.

To make beef at the least cost and most profit to the producer, the animals must be kept growing rapidly and constantly all the time from birth until a year or 15 months old, and then sent to market. They should bring more per pound than older beeves because better. Veal (the flesh of calves from six to eight weeks old) brings more than any other fresh meat in market, unless it be "hot house lambs," and there is no good reason why the flesh of yearlings should not bring more than the patriarchal beef of old oxen and superannuated cows.

It is said that in case of itching skin the horse should be clipped and the grain ration cut down one-half. No corn should be fed. The animal will do best on oats, bran and hay. Green grass often leads to itchiness of the skin. After clipping apply to the itching parts, as required, a mixture of one dram each of diluted sulphuric acid and carbolic acid in a pint of water. A little menthol added is effective where itching is excessive. Wash the affected parts before first application of medicine is made. Should thet rouble continue, give a tablespoonful twice daily of a mixture of equal parts of powdered wood charcoal and granular hyposulphate of soda.

At a county fair in Southern Virginia this fall a prize for the largest yield of corn per acre was awarded to a man who made 169 bushels. A 14-year-old boy raised 135 bushels of corn to the acre and won $25 in gold offered by the governor. These yields demonstrate the possibilities of good farming.

Ordinary milk sours after a day or two, but certified milk will keep sweet for as high as two weeks. Certified milk is that which is produced under perfect sanitary conditions, the milk immediately cooled and bottled, and the sanitary conditions, and operations of the dairy certified to by an expert legal milk commissioner.

Hog Cholera

WHY LET HOGS DIE OF CHOLERA

The Snoddy Remedy will stop the disease and save the sick hogs and stop further developments of the disease on those not yet sick, it is also the greatest worm exterminator and thrift producer on the market.

Snoddy's free booklet which explains the whole method of saving diseased hogs or keeping well hogs clear of worms and thrifty will be sent free by return mail to any person who will send his name and address to the Snoddy Remedy Co., Sta. T, Alton, Ill.

INGENUITY VALUABLE

How American Invention Has Won Millions by Irrigation.

As early as 1864 there were in central and lower Egypt 50,000 pumps and water wheels in use for irrigating purposes. They were driven by approximately 200,000 oxen and by this method 4,500,000 acres of land were irrigated and made to yield.

These pumps and appliances were of the crudest, but served the purpose of the day, their creation bearing out the axiom that necessity is the mother of invention.

The average cost of a well and a pump of the kind was $150. In lower Egypt, later, there were at one time 2,000 steam pumps used for raising water, where the cost of coal was from $10 to $20 per ton.

The crops produced consisted mostly of cotton and rice. Of such, in a way, consisted the beginning of irrigation by the pumping system.

Different in New Mexico.

Had the raising of water in New Mexico, one of the foremost of states in developing irrigation by pumping been dependent upon oxen and crude plunger pumps, the underflow valleys of this great territory still would be in as hopeless a condition as they were 10 years ago, when they were used as open ranges for cattle grazing. But when the American genius for invention encountered the problem of raising water to arid lands, the oxen and the old-fashioned pump quickly gave way to more powerful and more efficient devices.

Soon, to meet the demands of advancing civilization, the internal combustion engine was perfected, open furnace engines gave way to gas producer engines, generating power at one-third the cost, and devices for transmitting a high voltage of electricity 50, 75 or 100 miles, without appreciable loss, were made use of wherever cheap power was available within this distance of a pumping area.

The story of how the invention of labor-saving devices has increased the price of land has been often told. But when the complete story of the pump and cheap power shall have been written it will reveal a creation of land values far in excess of values created by other inventions of similar nature, compared acre by acre.

Water Supply Invisible.

Underlying many semi-arid valleys of the western states, especially of California, New Mexico, Arizona and Texas is an inexhaustible water supply, percolating through sand and gravel strata, finding an ultimate outlet perhaps 1,000 miles away. Above this water, 20, 30 or 50 feet, lies the surface of the valley—soil remarkably rich in nourishing salts, since, in humid districts, the rains of ages have washed out a large part of these salts and millions of crops of wild vegetation have served to disintegrate the soil, leaving the land in state of virgin fertility.

There are underflow districts in the southwest which 10 years ago were fit for nothing. The lands could not have been sold for 10 cents an acre. At present some of these same lands are selling at from $50 to $500 an acre. Ten years ago 65 acres of this land were required to support one steer; now five acres will feed and make possible a financial profit for a family.

The internal combustion engine and device for the transmission of electricity have tended to give this land its value. Now that the pumping of water for irrigation purposes has been proved feasible, many irrigationists contend that the system has many advantages that cannot be obtained through any other method.

In Roswell Country.

Since various bulletins have been issued by the department af agriculture on irrigation pumping and since the advantages of pumping water for irrigation have become more generally understood, the popularity of the pumping system in New Mexico and Texas has surprised even its most enthusiastic advocates. In the Roswell country, New Mexico, where in the last few years many of the artesian wells have ceased to flow and the water has dropped benath the surface of the ground, pumping plants have been installed and many fine farms and orchards carried on as successfully as before. In the Rio Grande and Mesilla valleys pumps have been installed to supplement the water supply, often to furnish water to farms which have no rights under the gravity system.

At Portales, in the eastern portion of New Mexico, a gigantic central power plant has been installed of 800 horse power capacity, which furnishes electricity to run motors that in turn run the pumps on surrounding farms. There is being promoted at Albuquerque an enterprise which will reclaim thousands of acres of arid lands immediately adjacent to that center. This is to be done by the installation of a similar central power plant.

Deming District Typical.

In many portions of New Mexico the development of arid lands by means of the irrigation pump has been almost phenomenal, and especially is this true of the Mimbres Valley, in the southwest corner. The conditions of this locality are peculiarly favorable to development by this method, and hundreds of pumping plants have been installed in the vicinity of Deming within the last 18 months. The Deming district furnishes a typical example of what may be accomplished in the underflow valleys by means of the pump.

In the vicinity of Deming, in the Membres Valley, sand and gravel strata carrying an inexhaustible water supply from vast mountain ranges to the north occur between 40 and 150 feet below the surface. The first water bearing stratum is encountered in the town of Deming at about 45 feet. This stratum becomes shallower east of Deming until, eight miles out it rises to within 15 feet of the surface. West of the town it sinks gradually, being encountered at a depth of 60 feet one mile west, 80 feet four miles west, and so on. It also is deeper northward from the town, but maintains about the same average depth to the south—35 to 50 feet.

Easy to Locate Water.

The depth at which this first stratum is found an index to the pumping depth, for when the well drill punctures the 150-foot depth the water rises in the hole to a point five or 10 feet above the first water line, or water-bearing stratum. There have been so many wells sunk in this valley and the dip of the water-bearing stratum is so uniform that it is possible to predict at which water will be encountered.

Each of the water-bearing strata vary in thickness from five to 20 feet, and when the well is cased a screen or perforated casing is inserted in the water-bearing formation so that the water can flow into the well. When a powerful pump, delivering from 500 to 2,000 gallons per minute, is set in operation much of the sand and smaller gravel is pumped out through the perforated casing and discharged from the pump, allowing the coarser gravel to settle against the casing, thus insuring a ready ingress of the water into the pump. This process is termed developing a well, and frequently as much as several carloads of this finer formation is discharged to the surface of the ground.

Since the installation of the first pumps in New Mexico, land has steadily become more valuable. With the coming of the pump it became certain that alfalfa, vegetables and various fruits could be grown in abundance. At that time government land was available in huge quantities and hundreds of settlers seized the opportunity. This land, in its raw state, has become worth from $30 to $50 an acre, while developed tracts sell readily for $100 an acre. Government land in the underflow territories now is 20 miles, approximately, from town settlements.

It has been demonstrated in New Mexico that water can be pumped for irrigation purposes at a handsome profit. The example of what has been done in Ventura county, California, in the Arkansas valley in western Kansas, and in the valleys of New Mexico is serving as an inspiration for these in similar valleys throughout the southwest, where all that stands between land worth 10 cents an acre and the same land worth $100 per acre are cheap power, efficient pumps and men with a determination to compel success.

M. A. P.

Squire's Daughter—"By the way, do you spell your name with a large or a small 'N' Mrs. McNab?"

Villager—"Oh, middlin' large, miss."

"I was Crippled, could hardly walk and had to Crawl

down stairs at times on my hands and knees. My doctor told me I had an acute attack of inflammatory rheumatism. I was in the hospital for weeks, but was scarcely able to walk when I left it. I read about

Dr. Miles' Nervine

bought a bottle and began to get better from the start, and for the past six months I have had scarcely any pain and am able to walk as well as ever." J.H. SANDERS, P. O. box 5, Rockaway, N. J.

Few medicines are of any benefit for rheumatism, but Mr. Sanders tells plainly what Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine did for it. One ounce of salicylate of soda added to one bottle of Nervine makes an excellent remedy for rheumatism, which is now known to be a nervous disease and therefore subject to the influence of a medicine that acts through the nerves, as does

Dr. Miles' Nervine

Sufferers from rheumatism seldom fail to find relief in the use of Dr. Miles' Nervine, with salicylate of soda.

Sold under a guarantee that assures the return of the price of the first bottle if it fails to benefit. At all Druggists.

MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

VALUE LESS, BUT YIELD GREATEST

Lower Prices Cut Down Total Valuation for the U. S. Crop of 1910

While the total farm value of the principal crops is lower than in 1909 the aggregate yield of the five leading cereals—wheat, corn, oats, rye and barley—for the year 1910 is much larger than the previous year, as shown by the final figures given out by the government crop reporting board.

The total is 5,143,000,000 bushels compared to 4,719,000,0003 bushels last year, the enormous yields of corn and oats bringing the aggregate outturn to the largest on record in this country. The corn crop alone was 854,000,000 bushels larger than the previous year, while the oats harvest was greater by 120,000,000 bushels. The wheat crop failed to come up to the 1909 mark by about 42,000,000 bushels.

The big yield of coarse grains, especially of corn and oats, caused a big shrinkage of values for those cereals, and wheat prices have also been affected, although not to so great an extent.

The average price per bushel for corn on the farm, according to the government figures on December 1, was 48.8c, compared to 59.6c the same date a year ago. Oats on the farm December 1 were estimated to be worth 34.1 cents, while a year ago the value was placed at 40.5 cents.

Potatoes Higher.

Potatoes averaged a little higher per bushel than the preceding year, the crop being placed at 338,811,000 bushels, compared to 376,587,000 bushels in 1909. Hay also is much higher, the average price on the farm being $12.26 a ton, last year $10.62. The yield of hay was 60,978,000 tons; in 1909, 64,938,000 tons.

The flaxseed crop, which is raised largely in the northwest, where drought conditions were so bad last summer, came the nearest to being a failure. The yield was only 14,116.00 bushels, while the crop the previous year was 25,856,000 bushels. The effect of the short crop was shown in the price, 230.6, compared to 152.6 on December 1, 1909.

The tobacco crop was 934,349,000 pounds; in 1909, 949,357,000, the average value on the farm being placed at 9.3 cents, against 10.1 cents per pound a year ago.

Total Value $3,735,000,000.

The total value of the leading cereal and other crops of the United States outside of cotton for the year 1910 is $3,735,000,000. A year ago the total farm value of the principal products of the soil was $3,971,000,000, showing the total value this year to be about 8.5 per cent less than in 1909.

By the final figures for the year as given out yesterday, the estimates on the leading cereals are raised slightly compared to the preliminary figures of a few weeks ago.

The yield of corn was placed at the stupendous total of 3,126,000,000 bu. compared to 2,772,000,000 bu in 1909, and oats at 1,127,000,000 bu, against 1,007,000,000 bu last year, when the crop broke all records.

The winter wheat yield was raised about 6,000,000 bu, to 464,000,000 bu, and spring wheat was placed at 231,000,000 bu, making a total of 695,000,000 bu, compared to 737,000,000 bu in 1909.

SEEK INDIAN HEIRESSES

Belles of the Yakima Reservation, Popular With Fortune Hunters.

Spokane Herald.

The most popular Yakima girls, if the matter were put to a vote, would undoubtedly prove to be the dusky belles of the Indian reservation. There isn't one of them without a dot of substantial proportions and many a mixed blood marriage has been made on the strength of this fact. Not every suitor of this sort, however, is as frank in stating his intentions as a man from Mold, Wash., who recently sent this letter to the Indian agent at Fort Simcoe:

"Dear Sir—I wish to marrie a half-breed c. quart-tcbreed that is wealthy and would be willing to turn over $2,000 to me when we are married. If you know of any let me know and oblige," and in a postscript he adds, "I am temperance."

A Toppenish quarterbreed was recently married to a white man after a two weeks' courtship. She owns a well placed allotment herself and her mother's real estate is figured at $50,000.

Another very pretty Indian girl who has admirers among the redskins is the daughter of Josephine Lillie, a really remarkable Indian woman whose allotment was within the present town of Toppenish. She conducted a real estate business there, has just put up a fine stone apartment house and is said to own one of the weekly papers there. Josephine has twice married white men. Her daughter was brought up in a Portland convent.

Trying to Tax the Cats of Paris.

London Chronicle.

A municipal councillor of Paris has introduced a proposal to tax all cats in the city. The proposal has not met with popular arprpoval. A large number of women who own cats have written to him threatening to make things unpleasant for him if he persists.

Remedies are Needed

Were we perfect, which we are not, medicines would not often be needed. But since our systems have become weakened, impaired and broken down through indiscretions which have gone on from the early ages, through countless generations, remedies *are* needed to aid Nature in correcting our inherited and otherwise acquired weaknesses. To reach the seat of stomach weakness and consequent digestive troubles, there is nothing so good as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, a glyceric compound, extracted from native medicinal roots—sold for over forty years with great satisfaction to all users. For Weak Stomach, Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Pain in the Stomach after eating, Heartburn, Bad Breath, Belching of food, Chronic Diarrhea and other Intestinal Derangements, the "Discovery" is a time-proven and most efficient remedy.

The genuine has on its outside wrapper the Signature R. V. Pierce M.D.

You can't afford to accept a secret nostrum as a substitute for this non-alcoholic, medicine OF KNOWN COMPOSITION, not even though the urgent dealer may thereby make a little bigger profit.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take as candy.

BEES' ILLS COSTLY

Foul Brood, Through Keepers' Ignorance, Slaughters Many Colonies.

The honey bee annually produces a crop of honey valued at at least $20,000,000, and there are vast opportunities for increasing this output, says a bulletin issued by the U. S. Department of agriculture.

The most serious handicap to bee keeping in the United States is the fact that there are contagious diseases which attack the brood of the honey bee. There are now recognized two such diseases, known as American foul brood and European foul brood. From data recently obtained by the United States Department of Agriculture, it is known that American foul brood exists in 282 counties in 37 states, and European foul brood in 160 counties in 24 states, and it is estimated conservatively that these diseases are causing a loss to the beekeepers of the United States of at least $1,000,000 annually.

This estimate is based on the probable value of the colonies which die, and the approximate loss of crop due to the weakened condition of diseased colonies. The states in which the diseases are most prevalent are California, Colorado, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Michigan, Missouri, Nebraska, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Texas and Wisconsin, and it is unfortunate that these are the states in which honey production is most profitable, making the future outlook of the bee keeping industry so much worse unless active measures are taken to control the diseases. Furthermore, the distribution of these diseases is by no means fully known, and they are constantly spreading.

Is Bacterial Infection.

The cause of American foul brood has been found by the department to be a specific bacterium, and enough is known of the cause and nature of European foul brood, which is also a bacterial disease, to make it possible to issue reliable recommendations concerning treatment for both diseases. Both attack the developing brood, and as the adult bees die from old age or other causes, the colony becomes depleted since there are not enough young bees emerging to keep up the numbers. When the colony becomes weak, bees from other colonies enter to rob the honey and the infection is spread.

Both of these diseases can be controlled with comparative ease by the progressive bee keeper, but the chief difficulty encountered in combating these diseases is the fact that the majority of bee keepers are unaware that any such diseases exist; they therefore often attribute their losses to other sources, and nothing is done to prevent the spread of the infection.

It is therefore necessary in most cases to point out the existence and nature of the diseases, as well as to spread information concerning the best methods of treatment. Several states have passed laws providing for the inspection of apiaries for disease, and the bee keepers in other states are asking for the same protection, so that careless or ignorant bee keepers can be prevented from endangering their neighbor's bees. This inspection is a benefit in the spread of information concerning disease, in so far as the inspectors can cover the territory.

The department of agriculture is helping in this work by sending out publications to the bee keepers in infected regions, by examining samples of brood suspected of disease, and by sending out information concerning the presence of disease, so that bee keepers will be informed that their apiaries are in danger. The co-operation of agricultural colleges, state bee keepers' associations, and other similar agencies being urged.

In view of the fact that these diseases are so widespread, every person interested in bee keeping should find out as soon as possible how to recognise and treat these maladies, and be on the lookout for them. A publication containing a discussion of the nature of these diseases and their treatment will be sent on request to the Department of Agriculture.

Paradise in Pennsylvania.

Philadelphia Record.

For the first time in many years a court has been discontinued in Crawford county for want of a sufficient number of cases to make it worth while paying jurors.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES.

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED

Free report as to Patentability. Illustrated Guide Book and List of Inventions Wanted sent Free. VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., WASHINGTON, D. C.

PATENTS.

Patents and Trade-Marks. Our books for inventors free on request. Besler & Robb, 133-142 McGill Bldg., Washington, D. C.

PATENTS. "Facts inventors should know before applying for patent." Sent for 2 cent stamp. A. S. PATTISON, 628 F. St., N. W. Washington, D. C.

HELP WANTED.

RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS.—Customs House and Internal Revenue employes wanted. $800 to $1,600. No "layoffs." Short hours. Rapid advancement to high salaries and life government positions. Thousands of appointments coming. Common education sufficient. Political influence unnecessary. Spring examinations everywhere. Coaching free to first 20 applicants. Write immediately for schedule showing places of the examinations. Franklin Institute, Dept. E-22, Rochester, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED.

AGENTS wanted to sell original Native Herbs, $1 box of 200 tablets for 60c. Address P. Melrose, Dept. 51, Columbus, Ohio.

MALE HELP WANTED.

WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES

WANTED—Men, prepare for the train service. All roads; $65 to $100 month. Hundreds put to work. 5000 more wanted. Enclose stamp for map new traction lines. Railway C. N. 39, Indianapolis, Ind.

Learn to write advertisements while employed; earn $25 to $100 week. Write for free prospectus. Page-Davis Co., 13 Page Building, Chicago.

TOBACCO CURES.

TOBACCO HABIT CURED OR NO COST—Harmless home treatment of roots and herbs. Sure, pleasant, permanent. Send your name now. Ko Works, 14, Wichita, Kansas.

WANTED SOLDIERS' HOMESTEADS Union Soldiers who homesteaded some land, but less than 160 acres before June 23, 1874, are entitled to additional rights even though entry was relinquished or abandoned. If soldier is dead, widow or heirs have his rights. Write for Free Copy of These Claims. Address (Comrade) W. E. MOSES, 433 Jacobson Bldg., Denver, Colo.

$10,000 FOR A SONG RECENTLY PAID

Send us your song poems for examination and offer. H. Kirkus Dundale Co. Dept. 208, Washington, D.C.

MISSOURI AUCTION SCHOOL

OPENS JANUARY 2. TRENTON, MISSOURI.

OLD COINS—$1.70 paid for RARE date 1853 quarters; $20 for a half dollar. We pay a CASH premium on hundreds of old coins. Keep all money dated before 1895 and send 10 cents at once for New Illustrated Coin Value Book, 4x7. It may mean your fortune. CLARK & CO., Coin Dealers, Dept. 55, Le Roy, N. Y.

When Age Comes.

Now the solemn shadows lengthen,
Life's long day is swelling fast,
Impulse fails and habits strengthen,
Pleasures vanish one by one.
Feebly o'er the dark'ning dial
Parting rays their image flung.
Times of triumph, times of trial,
Lose their rapture, lose their sting.

How much now appears unreal
In the past that stirred us so!
Pining for the high ideal,
Passion's dreams, ambition's glow!
All life's aims grow dimmer, fainter,
With a languid, calm regret,
Fading as the mighty Painter
Shades the scene with twilight gray.

Fancy dies. Illusions follow.
Love lasts best, but not its bloom;
And the gayest laugh sounds hollow,
Echoed from an empty tomb.
Soon the past holds all our treasure.
All that childish age loves best.
Young men still may live for pleasure;
Old men only ask for rest.

—William Lecky.

New Process of Staining Glass.

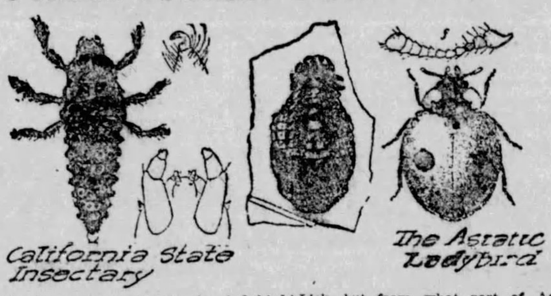
Chicago Tribune.

The art of coloring glass has been lost and refound, jealously guarded and maliciously stolen so many times in the history of civilization that it seems almost impossible to say anything new on glass staining. Yet a process has been discovered for making the stained glass used in windows which is a departure from anything known at the present time. What the Venetians and the Phoenicians knew of it we cannot tell.

The glass first receives its design in mineral colors and the whole is then fired in a heat so intense that the coloring matter and the glass are indissolubly fused. The most attractive feature of this method is that the surface acquires a peculiar pebbled character in the heat, so that when the glass is in place the lights are delightfully soft and mellow.

In making a large window in many shades each panel is separately moulded and bent and the sections are assembled in a metal frame.

LADYBUGS WAR ON SAN JOSE SCALE TO HELP FRUIT GROWERS



Nearly everyone knows the ladybird beetles, or ladybugs, by sight, but few are aware of the useful and important part taken by these little insects in the economy of nature. Usually they are red or brown in color, with spots or other markings in black, and with round and rather hard bodies. They constitute the family of Coccinellidae, of which there are fully 2,000 species, nearly every one of which is beneficial to mankind.

One may often see considerable numbers of the ladybird beetles on rose bushes, trumpet vines and cucumber and melon vines. For this reason many think them injurious to flowers and vegetables, and kill them whenever they get a chance. No greater mistake could be made. Their presence on rose bushes, melon vines or plants of any kind indicates that such plants are infested with scale insects or plant lice, which form the natural food supply of the ladybirds. Their digestive organs are such that it is impossible for them to feed upon vegetable tissues, so that they are never injurious to the fruit grower, gardener or farmer. Their only food consists of insects that do eat and destroy vegetable tissues, and which are, therefore, destructive in their operations.

The estimation in which the ladybird beetle is held by scientists may be judged from the fact that men have traveled many thousands of miles and spent large sums of money, and considered time, money and endeavor well spent if they succeeded in introducing into America a single new species of ladybird known to be the foe of some particularly destructive agricultural pest.

Fruit Growers Worst Pest.

One of the worst pests the fruit growers of this country have ever known is the San Jose scale, so named from the fact that it was in San Jose, Col., that it first made its appearance, about 40 years ago. It was known to have been brought from the Asiatic continent on trees or shrubs imported by James Lick, but from what part of Asia it had come could not be ascertained. So C. L. Marlatt, of the department of agriculture, was sent to Asia to discover, if possible, whence the San Jose scale had come, and to find and bring to America the insect that kept the scale from becoming a serious pest in the region of its origin.

Mr. Marlatt explored the Japanese empire from end to end, and then crossed over to China, where he prosecuted his search for weeks without reward. At last he found the true home of the San Jose scale, in the neighborhood of Peking and Tientsin, China. As he anticipated, the scale insect was not regarded as a serious pest, doing little damage. Further investigation showed that it was held in check by a species of ladybird beetle—the "Chilocorus simillis." He succeeded in importing a number of these insects, and they are now well established in California. Owing to rather unfavorable climatic conditions they have not yet made much impression upon the scale insect in the eastern states, but it is too early to say that Mr. Marlatt's long journey failed to accomplish its purpose of finding an efficient check upon the San Jose scale. Many years were required for the scale insect to become naturalized and develop into a dangerous pest; and when its ladybird foe becomes adapted to climatic conditions it is quite possible that it will accomplish all that was hoped for from it.

Under Control in California.

In California, where the climate is more favorable to the development of the ladybird beetles (and of the pest insects as well), several species of native and imported ladybirds have attacked the San Jose scale with avidity, so that it is no longer feared as a dangerous pest. California was the first state to suffer from the ravages of the San Jose scale. It is the only state that has yet succeeded in bringing it under control. The fact that it has succeeded ought to prove an encouragement to other states.

California keeps an entomological explorer (Mr. George Compere) in the field at all times, searching the world for beneficial insects. He has vis

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1910.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the home of the free American people.

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The Psychological Moment

The wideawake man sees his opportunity and grasps it at the psychological moment. The dreamer dreams on and lets his chance go by. The Blade wants its readers to be wide-awake to the opportunities that are presented through its advertising columns. Reading Blade advertisements does not mean a loss of time. They are an essential feature of the paper. They are worth while.

Good resolutions and a diary are hard to keep.

If graft is a germ disease we may have to boil our politics.

Chronic laziness is sometimes mistaken for sublime patience.

A mother is a great convenience about the house during the holiday season.

The plain truth is too old-fashioned for some people. They want it embellished.

"Conservative radicalism" looks like a cross between a whisper and a vociferation.

Mr. Carnegie could give away another ten million without injuring his credit at the corner grocery.

It is doubtful if Governor-elect Baldwin of Connecticut can ever be trained to jump through a hoop.

Will the sociologists kindly explain why women will crowd a court room to listen to unprintable testimony?

Evangelist Billy Sunday is one man who can tell people that they are the devil's own and make them like it.

When old Winter has the right of way there is no use trying to sidetrack him with a fair weather flag.

John D. Rockefeller is a notable example of a man who can prosper without increasing his waist measure.

It is probably no more than fair to say that the devil is blamed for a lot of things he would be ashamed to do.

Some women like to boast of their ancestors and others prefer to talk about the time they were in the hospital.

For a wife to break her husband's jaw by telling him a funny story seems more humane than to hit him with a flatiron.

There are more than 93,000,000 persons in the United States, and yet the geographical center of population is not crowded.

Forty-two state legislatures will open next month. The Lord is good, however, and will continue to watch over His children.

Mr. Edison's views on mortality are not popular. Most people like to believe that there is going to be some sort of hereafter.

A new British battleship is expected to make thirty knots an hour. At that rate of speed it ought to be able to keep out of trouble.

The St. Louis man who drank twenty pints of beer daily for thirty days ought to be sentenced to six months in a dry county.

It was all a mistake. Mr. Roosevelt is not in favor of abolishing the constitution and substituting the big stick or a stuffed club.

After all, Dr. Cook doesn't seem much worse than the man who puts Ben Davis apples at the bottom of the measure and Baldwins on top.

Scientists are planning to bring rain by electricity. The old plan of setting a date for a Sunday school picnic doesn't always work in a dry season.

A western college boy is getting along on ten cents a day and stands at the head of his class. The cost of living at the foot of the class is not mentioned.

A New York man shot himself three times and still he lives. He might have accomplished his purpose had he used a gun that he supposed was not loaded.

Hurrah for the Connecticut hen that laid 37 eggs in 37 consecutive days! She has accomplished more than the St. Louis man who broke the beer drinking record.

A jury of women heard a case in Olympia, Wash., recently, and the judge said it was the best jury that ever sat in his court. Every member possessed intelligence.

During the old free silver agitation politicians used to go to sleep on one side of the question and wake up on the other. The same thing is likely to happen in regard to the tariff.

Since the beginning of the strike of the Chicago garment workers five hundred babies have been born among the strikers. These little dears, we believe, will have to be classified as innocent bystanders.

"Is there anything," asks the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, "that can cut the Gordian knot between corned beef and cabbage?" Who wants to cut it? Let's not transgress a tradition that comes to us with the benediction of ages.

NEWSPAPERS AND SECRETS.

The speaker of the house of representatives returned the secret report of the secretary of war upon the ground that it was inadvisable to tell 391 men a secret with any hope of its going no farther. Then the representatives who had seen the report proceeded to tell all about it and the news of it was telegraphed all over the country.

This secret report was in nearly every newspaper office in America ten days ago and probably in most of them it had been set in type awaiting the message which would release its publication. Then the administration decided that its publication would be indiscreet. The report was withdrawn. The type was thrown away. All that time the newspapers kept the secret inviolate. They realized its sensational character and knew it would create a stir. But not a word about it was printed until a group of representatives became talkative and thus released the newspapers from the unwritten pledge of confidence.

Nearly two years ago there was a trivial little secret in Toledo. It didn't amount to a whoop, but the people were interested and it became a matter of necessity for the local newspapers to give the facts as soon as could be. The secret might have been given them in confidence and would have been guarded sacredly. The man who held the secret was told that a score of times. But he knew better. He thought he was shrewder and wiser than the President of the United States. He wouldn't be convinced by any showing or any word. His suspicion gave, maybe, some clue to his experience in business, but it spoke poorly of a broad judgment of men. The final results of that ridiculous attitude were all unpleasant and might in a less tolerant community have reacted upon the man of ingrained distrust.

The newspapers don't claim any special virtue for keeping confidences. It is in the nature of their trade. They have to. That secret report of the secretary of war would never have been mentioned if it had not become a matter of open discussion before the desk of the speaker of the house of representatives.

PEACE PER PAMPHLET.

Some of the best reading matter in English is distributed by the International School of Peace in Boston. There lies before us a report upon the "Waste of Militarism" showing that not only is war responsible for a thousand human ills, as is well known, but also that high prices of living follow the wars, a fact possibly not so generally known. John W. Foster writes that war is not inevitable. He is led to that belief by his experiences in diplomacy. Another writer wallops the idea of a just cause for resort to arms. He doesn't believe in it at all.

In a time of peace as piping as this one is, there is no difficulty in doubting that war can be made obsolete. But the trouble is that wars are not matters of cold-blooded reasoning. Even those of conquest are preceded by periods of passion. Patriotism does not consider the ultimate consequences of war and act according to the strict rules of caution. There is a vast difference in the way a people think in a time of peace and the way they think when their national integrity is threatened. The International School of Peace, were it to turn out a million pamphlets a day, could not keep the habit of thought unaltered and unalterable. Humanity needs a groove, but so far in its life history it is in no state to stay within a groove.

SAVING WATER VS. RAISING RATES.

The hearings in the rate cases before the Interstate Commerce commission have been educational to the public as they should be instructive to the railroads. They have made one point exceedingly clear—that the railroads ask the public to pay for their wasted energies, their wasted materials, their failures and stupidities. One of the witnesses at the hearings shows not only where the railroads have been neglectful, but also that the appeal for permission to raise rates was made without preliminary thought to the neglect:

> I am not here to oppose the proposed increase in freight rates. I do not know whether the railroads should have it or not. If they are entitled to it, they ought to have it. But I see this fact, as a manufacturer: That in other industries, when we are confronted by too close an approximation of our income to our expenditure, competitive conditions rarely, if ever, permit us to open the interval to the point which will cover a fair profit by putting our prices up. Our competitors will not permit of our doing that. We have to meet the competition, and, therefore, we are compelled to look within for the remedy—not to pass the burden on to others, but to face it ourselves, and find some way of relief. We have done it again and again, successfully, on a great scale in hundreds of thousands of cases; and it is one of the many illustrations of what is commonly understood as a blessing in disguise.
>
> Where other industries must practice economies an introduce scientific methods of management, the railroads have ignored these matters and attempted to make up their failing incomes by charging higher rates.

THE SHAME OF ALDRICH.

Senator Aldrich, in denying the charges made by Senator Bristow that he raised the duty upon rubber for his own personal benefit, said:

> Neither I nor any member of my family has ever had any pecuniary interest as to whether the rates on manufactures of rubber were 20, 25 or 200 per cent, or whether crude rubber was on the free or the dutiable list.

It has just been disclosed that 340 shares of the first preferred stock of the United States Rubber Co.—the so-called trust—stands upon the books of the corporation in the name of Nelson W. Aldrich. This stock is worth $37,400. Four other Aldriches appear upon the stock register of the trust.

Justice, particularly in politics, works slowly and indifferently. The honest are not rewarded with such frequency as to make honesty a highly practical policy and often the dishonest and the indecent continue their practices for a lifetime with profit and without punishment. But surely here is a case where justice is on the job. Long years ago Aldrich had all the money he needed or could set extreme value by. He has desired, at the close of his career, to have power and honors, to be considered a statesman and, according to his lights, a patriot. To gain these nobler rewards he has not altered his policies or his practices. He has merely depended on secrecy and the strength of a lie. Both have failed him. He will depart from the senate in March, utterly discredited and despised, as horrible an example of mendacious politics as the people of this nation have ever had the opportunity to profit by. Justice was heaping up a crown of shame for Nelson Aldrich's old age.

ON BUYING OFF WAR.

Mr. Carnegie's effort to still the war-drums forever with a gift of $10,000,000 is put forth at a time when the earth lies in the sleep of peace. It is particularly easy then to consider the woes of war, to think how needless it is and how blessed it would be to disarm, furl the battledags and stow the bright uniforms away with the moth-balls. When anyone is in good temper he can understand to the fullest the folly of getting irritated or angry. As no individual perceives this matter clearly in moments of passion, why can nations—which are but individuals in bulk—be expected to cast out the devils of anger and jealousy and greed?

The sleep of peace is upon the world, but it is not deep sleep. It is stirred by dreams and, at periods, is torn with the terror of nightmares. In this very year England discovered that Germany had secretly formed a harbor upon a sand-spit, pitted it with fortifications and armed it with powerful guns. The sand-spit, now so grim and menacing, is a spot scores of miles nearer the English coast than any other big German garrison. Part of the political crisis of England is due to the clashing opinions of naval alarmists and those content with the naval service as it exists. Germany is growing, not only industrially and commercially, but also in population, so that the nation must care for something near a million new workers every year. She must have labor for them. She must have food for them. She must have room for them. Britain rules a tremendous empire to which her young and vigorous and adventurous may go and still keep the racial integrity. She has what Germany lacks—desirable colonial lands—and since nations cannot in honor surrender such property as a matter of friendly gift, the need of Germany must be met by conquest. Here are two powerful human forces at the clashing point—possession and necessity. The one must protect its own to the last cartridge, the other must provide for its own. How far will Mr. Carnegie's gift of $10,000,000 go toward soothing these needs and desires? What influence would a Carnegie commission have at Berlin, where the future has been mapped and figured to the fraction? Will a Carnegie deputation make England less fearful, less determined to save her property and her people?

It might be said that preaching universal peace does no harm. It certainly would do harm if the preaching were acted upon in Great Britain and not at the same time in Germany. The Carnegie money today might just as well be employed in denunciation of the law of gravitation as of war, so far as England and Germany are concerned.

THE RAREBIT UNDER THE GLASS

The Welsh rarebit is a creature malarial of complexion, fibrous and complex as to cellular construction, threatening of flavor and fearful as to portent. It is sponsor to a whole company of digestive discomforts and mother to the nightmare. This is the popular opinion, but like many another popular view, it is fallacious. Not that we say so. No, indeed. But Naturalist James Wilson, secretary of the department of agriculture, is about to put out a monograph upon the genus Rarebitidae and each and every species thereof is to have the very cleanest bill of health possible under the pure food law.

It is declared in Washington that a special poison squad has been delivered over to the terrors of the rarebit. It has passed through the ordeal smiling. Not a man was wounded. Not one lay down his life. If there were nightmares they were bitted and saddled and now nose about the poison squad's pockets for lumps of sugar. The whole system of preconceived ideas as to the history and habits of the rarebit, whether of domestic or jungle-breeding, has been exploded. The beast is as hare-hearted as a cottontail. James Wilson he's going to say so. He is that kind of a man.

ELECTRIC SERVICE IGNORED

The postmaster general's report shows that while $6,260,000 was spent upon the star routes, more than a million for the pneumatic transportation of mails in the cities, $635,000 for that on waterways and $41,000,000 by steam roads, only the relatively trivial sum of $605,000 was spent for "electric and cable service."

The interurban roads many times a day make hundreds of small towns through which the trains of the steam lines rush at high speed. Wherever there is prospect for returns, electric roads running between big centers of population adjust their trackage to serve the communities off the steam roads. Surely the electric lines ought to be of immense convenience in the handling of the mails. They ought to prove measures for swift relief from congestion at distributing points for mail. Their frequent service, one would think, would appeal to the postal authorities above all others. The postmaster general's report indicates that that which the electric roads have to give is not appreciated. Does it mean that improvements in transportation mean little with the department, or that the influence of the steam roads is all powerful?

PLENTIFUL, BUT WORMY

This is a great season for vindications. It might indeed be described as a bumper crop. Mr. Ballinger is handed a very handsome coat of whitewash and, while the secretary is still to be seen before the glass admiring the cut and quality of the coat, Mr. Lorimer struts forth dressed in a suit of exactly the same shade.

There is this always to be said of a vindication—mere words cannot make it convincing. It must be the real, unadulterated article or else it attracts no attention in the public markets. Mr. Ballinger's vindication may look perfectly lovely to him and yet look like the mischief to the neighbors. Mr. Lorimer's vindication may cause him to weep an entire new freshet of hypocritical tears, and still make the country think about as much of Lorimer and his vindicators as it would think of an alarming multiplication of timber wolves. There are vindications which cause the cry of "hallelujah" to rend the heavens and there are others which compel a man to descend the bottomless pit of his soul in search of terms with which adequately to express his disgust.

As we said before it is a great year for vindications, but like some of the remarkable yields of apples, enthusiasm over the quantity is dampened by the knowledge that the fruit is full of wormholes.

CONCERNING FARM LABOR.

A few days ago the Blade expressed the opinion—a little too confidently it appears—that the "back-to-the-farm movement" would have to be carried out by those of the cities who had deserted the country, not by the town-born and town-bred. A subscriber in Lenawee county, Mich., has taken some of our rash statements and shot them to bits. We quote from his letter:

> Who ever heard of a "twelve or fourteen hour day of hay pitching?" Do you not know that hay has to be dry before it can be put into the barn? The dew at either end of the day would dampen it so that it would be unfit to haul. An eight hour day will more than cover the time taken to pitch the hay on the average farm.

An apt illustration is here furnished of the distortion which facts undergo in the course of time. The high point of torture of a season of personal experience upon a farm was that when a Swedish hired hand with an unwavering sense of comedy threw smothering forkfuls of hay at one, a jest productive alike of perspiration and fear of death. The agony didn't last twelve or fourteen hours a day. It only seemed to.

Having demolished our assertions, the correspondent pursues the subject of farm labor:

> It is a common thing in cities to find men who have put in ten, fifteen or twenty years at one job with never a holiday except possibly a week's vacation in a year. It is a very common thing in the country to find men working on farms who lose from one to four weeks in a season of eight or nine months. Instead of the farmer crowding the hired man in anything, the hired man has the employer, or farmer, continually in hot water. Men are scarce, and good hired men are almost unobtainable. The farmer is compelled to accept such serv'ce as he can get, not to demand as good as is right and and just. Good habits, good principles and a determination to "fill the bill" and deliver value received will get any man a good farm position, and it is up to him to save and manage and eventually to possess a farm of his own.

No occupation, of course, holds a monopoly upon hard work. It is unfamiliar labor which makes bones and muscles ache. And aching muscles and bones have a way of making deeper marks upon the memory than do good food, pure air and the priceless manhood which go with farm labor. The Blade is happy to admit its error in the matter. Discontent with industrial conditions is worldwide and for very excellent reasons. The pitiful thing about the whole business is that the opportunity for relief from industrial ills and sins which lies just beyond the corporate limits of the cities is not seized.

THE WEST STILL TO GROW.

The census returns show the greatest increase in population to have been made in New York and Pennsylvania, while the greatest rate per cent was made in the mountain west and upon the Pacific coast. The gains in the eastern states were, as it is well known, almost entirely urban. The cities have grown while the country has lost population or stood still. In the far west, however, it is the soil which has profited largely in the matter of population. Land that not so long ago was considered waste now produces a tremendous wealth. Districts once given over to the cattlemen today grow immense crops of grain. Where prospectors pecked at the stones of mountain side there are now hundreds upon thousands of acres of fruit trees. Population growth in the far west has been of the kind warranted to increase the strength of the nation, while that on the Atlantic shore is worrying municipal authorities and making problems for economists.

If a turn comes in the direction of population in the next ten years, from urban to rural, it will be from the far west that reports of greatest increases of population will come. For, even though folk go back to the farms of Pennsylvania, New York and New England they will not and cannot go in such numbers as flock into a newly opened district of the west.

A CASE OF BORROWED TROUBLE

In the President's message transmitted to congress is an answer to those people who declare that an attempt is made to have the government stand sponsor for a "doctor's trust." Mr. Taft very wisely says in effect, that if the people of the United States place faith in the discretion of the federal executive upon innumerable other counts they can surely rest easy that no president is going to promote the interests of any one school of medicine to the disadvantage and injustice of other schools.

When it comes to controversial matters there may be some clear distinction as to schools of medicine, but the average layman will have difficulty in finding today where the line is drawn. One of the so-called schools indicates in its literature an abhorrence of surgery. There are many physicians known as "regulars" who feel much the same way. Another school, whose history is that of a schism, goes back to the parent body for its instruction in surgery. The "regular" are opposed to the indiscriminate sale of patent medicines and yet will name proprietary medicines in their prescriptions. In a medical periodical, probably standing as high in dignity and ethics as any other class journal in the country, we have just counted 43 advertisements of proprietary drugs, for many of which claims are made but slightly less confidently worded than are the claims for patent medicines in the daily papers. So, in reality, the border lines of the schools and the commercialists are blurred. There is not one school, even that of the mental healers, which is not prepared to profit by the learning of another. It should not be forgotten that the special objects of attack were those whose practitioners, scientists and students discovered the true cause of tuberculosis and are campaigning for its cure, who changed smallpox from a common and terrible scourge to a rarity, who drove yellow fever from the United States, who have found the serums in which diphtheria and meningitis bacilli cannot exist and who have shown, in the last few months, that an end can be brought in the course of a few hours to the disease most repulsive and dreaded of the whole catalogue. This school of medicine—if strictly it can be called a school—has not been criticised upon its deeds and achievements, but upon what it might possibly become if organized and given special privileges at the White House. There is a difference between watching out for the public good and borrowing trouble. This instance we believe to be merely unnecessary worry. The President has shown that it was unnecessary.

IMMIGRANTS WHO UPSET POLITICS.

The idea of settling the Canadian northwest with American farmers is a brilliant one when the ideas of statesmanship are averaged. It has given the country a class of settlers which was exactly suited to the conditions—hard-working, strong, ambitious and skilled. The land that only a few years ago produced nothing, now brings forth a vast wealth. The stretches which had been plain and forest and unsettled valley are now fields of grain in their season. No better material investment was ever made for Canada than the dispatch of boomers across the line into the United States.

Yet there is a fly in the ointment of Canadian statesmanship. America had been the melting pot of the races, but Americans themselves melt with difficulty. Those who have gone into Canada have failed to forget they were Americans. They are good citizens, but have their own habit of thought, a disturbing independence and a clear understanding as to what they want. The situation is creating no little uneasiness in Canadian politics. It is said to have compelled the premier to make a tour of the northwest, where he sang a tune considerably different than he had been singing in Ontario. Canada is no longer in need of reciprocal trade relations with the United States—thanks to the stupidity and want of foresight of our tariff standpatters. The Canadian manufacturers want to make the best of their improved state. But the northwest demands closer and more friendly relations with the country from which the people of the northwest came. This, it is said, is the whole influence behind the talk of reciprocity at Ottawa. It is the influence which will make reluctant Canadian statesmanship write and sign such a treaty. There may be some question in the Dominion now whether the sturdy American farmer was exactly the kind of immigrant desired.

TREE GROWING AT SCHOOL.

The agricultural department has just issued a pamphlet suggesting the establishment of small forest nurseries in connection with the schools. The system advised is particularly applicable to rural schools, where land for the purpose is at hand and the need of instruction in practical tree raising can be turned to immediate benefit. The government pamphlet lays no emphasis upon the value of beautifying school grounds, but it certainly should not be the smallest consideration.

A small booklet issued in this state a few months ago gave reproductions of photographs of Ohio district schools. These indicated that while domestic architecture in the country had made tremendous improvements, that of school building had remained uncompromisingly unattractive. Some of the school yards were the paradise of weeds and others evenly covered with cinders, couldn't even bring forth a dandelion. Electric railroads had in a number of instances located their shelter stations upon school land. One school had a loading stage for a stock pen and the fence of another came in very handily for the building of a dairy station platform.

The teaching of tree growing and the holding of corn-growing contests among pupils might serve in time to bring the little red schoolhouse up to the pleasing aspect it holds in literature and the memories of those who can no longer behold it.

ONE WHO SERVED.

There was a peasant in Germany of deep religious feeling. In early life he went away as a foreign missionary, but his health breaking down he was compelled to return home. He got to wandering about Berlin and learned of its contrast of palaces and slums, its tremendous riches and appalling poverty. He found that the children of the poor died at a fearful rate because the milk supplied the slums had either no food substance, or carried the germs of disease. "Let me fall in trying to do something," he said, "rather than sit still and do nothing."

He bought three wagons and contracted for pure milk. He sold this in the quarters of the poor at a bare profit. He preached abstinence from alcohol and tried to show that cleanliness of personal living and cleanliness of conduct went together. Slowly the business grew. It did so in spite of the jeering of newspapers, the rude jokes of stage-people and the opposition of those who made and dealt in alcoholics. It is now a great organization. Pure milk, sold cheaply, handled cleanly, protected against disease, is now delivered from the dairy of this broken-down missionary. The work has been of immeasurable benefit—teaching industry, urging charity, confounding the selfish. The death rate among the babes of Berlin has been reduced in this dairyman's time and by his labors from more than 27 per cent to 19 per cent. He had found the way to serve the Master.

CANDIDLY IMMORAL.

Representative Tawney, of Minnesota, is quoted:

> These advocates of militarism ignore entirely the chief weapon of defense that we have, our great natural resources and the spontaneity with which the patriotism of our people would be aroused in the event of an assault of any kind from any foreign foe.
>
> What are the chief weapons of defense of this nation?
>
> The chief weapons are men.
>
> In accordance with the immoral code of Representative Tawney, it is not meet that we should provide today against assault, but await indolently and complacently the hour of ordeal. For then—then—the "chief weapons of defense" will be drawn! The "great natural resources" will be employed! The "patriotism of our people" will be aroused! Then.
>
> No matter if a coast city will be bombarded and destroyed, no matter if helpless women and children are blown into Kingdom Come by a vessel miles out at sea and against which no defense has been provided. No matter if whole populations are driven from home to seek shelter in mountain and swamp—the "chief weapons of defense"—so far untrained, uncounted, unequipped—will march forth and lay down their lives because we of this day and generation hold our dollars more sacred than the flesh of our children.
>
> The Blade is not prepared to agree with the secretary of war that the country needs an army of 450,000 men. But it appreciates thoroughly that the secretary has not reached that opinion without the aid of his very best judgment. And if he had said we needed 40,000,000 men his word would have more respectful consideration with us than the scandalously flippant and brutal comments of Minnesota's discreditable representative.

Reflections of a Spark Plug.

By George Reiter Drill in Judge.

A chauffeur, in the abstract, is any chap that drives an automobile. In the concrete he is the person whom you pay to let you ride in the tonneau. The word chauffeur comes from the French, and means something warm, like hot air.

The chauffeur is commonly supposed to be human, but not necessarily humane. With him the killing of chickens is a pastime, and the maiming of pedestrians a fine art. He has no speed limit, and leads a fast life with little to chauffer it. He has more brass than his machine, and a double molar as less nerve.

The average chauffeur is unbearable; but when driving a Fiat six, he is insufferable. Never careless about his appearance, except at court, he dresses like his employer and looks like 30 cents. He is usually in bad odor, and smells like numerous scents.

One chauffeur can bankrupt two bankers, and sometimes earns more than his employer ever did.

He has three lives; the life he lives, the life he takes in his hands, and the life he ought to serve in jail.

He has a set of rules which he never breaks, except when he is in the hospital, such as:

Never go slow under any circumstances.

Never blow horn except in front of a church.

Never be on time.

Never show intelligence or look pleasant.

Never take a curve on more than two wheels—it is unprofessional.

Never slow down in time—it looks timid; while stripping the gears is spectacular and gives the impression of presence of mind.

Never take another man's dust unless it's of the pocketbook variety.

Never learn road rules.

Never appreciate a good job.

Never mend a tire; there is no commission in it.

Never be satisfied with your employer's machine.

A good chauffeur will always smoke cigarettes while filling the gasoline tank.

Although much of a sport, he will give you a run for your money, if you happen to have enough.

A rich man has no more show with a chauffeur than a camel has with the eye of a needle.

How Dolliver Beat Holmes.

National Magazine.

At that time, in the early '80s, Major Holmes was congressman from the Fort Dodge district. The major was a good Republican, but no speaker. Dolliver made a try for Holmes' seat. Holmes made his campaign among the farmers—about 1884—quoting Shakespeare's "I am no orator as Brutus is." The farmers nominated Holmes on the "no orator as Brutus is" platform. Dolliver was in a barber shop getting shaved, when a friend informed him that Holmes had just beaten him to a frazzle. Dolliver jumped up half-shaved and rushed to the convention hall. Somebody saw him enter the hall, and a shout was made for him to make a speech. Dilliver mounted the platform and, in a dramatic speech, made himself solid forever with the farmers of the Fort Dodge district. He pictured himself as the man that Dante saw in Purgatory, carrying his head under his arm and continually moaning, "Woe is me." Holmes had just cut off his head, and the only thing remining for him to do was to take the advice of his political associates, put his head under his arm and tramp through the Purgatory of Politics, crying, "Woe is me." On second thought, however, the speaker said he would adjust his head as well as he could and, marching under the banner of his erstwhile opponent, he would cry, "Woe to the Democrats." Two years afterwards Dolliver beat Major Holmes to a frazzle and represented the Fort Dodge district until he was sent to the United States senate. His tall form in the rear row on the right of the senate floor will be missed, for when Dolliver spoke everyone listened.

The Churches and World Peace.

Geo. H. Sandison, in The Christian Herald.

It has been well said that if the so-called "Christian Powers" we to determine upon world-peace, there would be an end of war. The churches are taking up the question of arbitration in earnest. At the Interdenominational Ministerial conference held in the Marble Collegiate church in New York city, a few days ago, resolutions were adopted urging a concerted movement among Christians everywhere for world peace. Secretary Knox, of the state department, in a recent official statement declared that the leading nations had made so favorable a response to the suggestion regarding arbitration that he believed a truly permanent court of arbitral justice, composed of judges acting under a sense of judicial responsibility, representing the various judicial systems of the world and capable of insuring the continuity of arbitral jurisprudence, will be established in the immediate future and that the Third Peace Conference will find it in successful operation at The Hague.

Here is an opportunity for the Christian ministry of America of all denominations to unite in developing public sentiment favoring the cessation of war and the establishment of an Arbitral court of nations with power to enforce its decisions. It is suggested that this should be the theme of their sermons on Christmas Sunday, and we heartily approve the proposition. There could be no more fitting time for this than on the world's gladdest day—the anniversary of the birth of the Prince of Peace.

Abolish Bear Traps.

Philadelphia Record.

Williamsport sportsmen intend to circulate petitions to the legislature looking toward the abolition of bear traps. The only persons using traps are those who hunt bears for market, and sportsmen are anxious that the bear be more fully protected than under the present laws. It is pointed out by those back of the movement that the catching of bears in traps not only tends to exterminate this species of game, but is a cruel practice, as the animals frequently free themselves by leaving parts of their legs in the trap.

Some Difference.

Philadelphia Ledger.

"I don't believe any two words in the English language are synonymous."

"Oh, I don't know. What's the matter with 'raise' and 'lift'?"

"There's a big difference. I 'raise' chickens and have a neighbor who has been known to 'lift' them."

SUNDAY SCHOOL

LIFE THAT MADE CHRISTMAS

International Sunday School Lesson for December 25 Is a Review of the Life of Christ. Luke 2:6-20.

By WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

For a year the Sunday schools of the whole world have been studying the life of Christ. Now, on Christmas day it is concluded by a backward look over those 33 wonderful years; and by a fresh contemplation of the life that gives to mankind its Christmas. For Christmas is the Christ-day, in the Christ-spirit; it is an emblem and an expression of love, an embodiment of the teachings of the Master.

I am writing these lines in the land which, since the feet of Jesus trod it, is known universally as the Holy Land. The smallness and natural insignificance of the territory have been freshly impressed upon me. By itself, it is one of the least considerable of the province of the Turkish empire. The extreme limits of the journeyings of Jesus can be traveled by horse in five or six days. Any visitor may read the land which is as an inspired book, in two or three weeks. The country is great chiefly because of Him; its soil and scenery and secular history are more than matched in many other parts of the earth. Because Jesus lived here, however, every foot of the territory has been glorified; even as His presence transforms a commonplace life into one of beauty and power.

A Village as a World Capital.

There is stimulus for the imagination in the thought that, as Christmas comes round once more, a commonplace Syrian village becomes the capital of human hearts over all the world. London and Paris and Petersburg and Berlin must give way to Bethlehem. All their brilliance pales in the light that shines over a rude oriental khan; and their riches are forgotten in the spiritual wealth of hope and peace and joy that clusters about the manger which the baby Guest shares with the gentle cattle. All the pomp and trappings and ceremony of worldly state are absent from this supreme event, as if to make it near and intelligible to all sorts and classes of people everywhere. A Babe's rude couch becomes the common meeting place of all mankind.

Yesterday I saw, by a Judean roadside, a carpenter, with his saw fastened to his donkey, and his young wife and infant son resting from the noon-day heat. They represented the primitive simplicity which is a message of the holy family to this weary world over-laden with much goods. It is not things that make life. The ancient human relations of the home, the endurance of the daily lot, and sensitiveness to the spiritual realm, are more important than all material possessions or state. If there be any who despise the poor man for his poverty, let them make pilgrimage in spirit this day to Bethlehem and Nazareth, and learn the Christmas lesson that God's greatness was made plain through the lowly.

A Syrian Boy's Request.

The little boys of Nazareth play marbles and leapfrog in the narrow streets, and as I watched them, realizing how much fewer are the games of the children in this land how much less blithesome their childhood than is the case in Christian America, I realized what a beggar that dreamy-eyed Syrian Boy of 2,000 years ago has left to the world's children. Because of Him, childhood is today given a place such as it never before possessed. The Bethlehem manger exalts all infancy; and the Nazareth Boy has brought liberty and happiness and enlightenment to millions of other lads.

The women, young and old, still bear jars of water on their heads from the one village spring of Nazareth, as they did in Mary's day; but in the wide world what a change has taken place in the lot of womanhood! The heavy physical burdens have been lifted from womankind in Christian lands, and Mary's Son has been the emancipator of womankind in a manner which the freed themselves scarcely recognize.

These thoughts of the difference which that earthly life which was begun on Christmas as made to the world throng upon every traveler in the Holy Land. In a Nazareth carpenter shop where the workman seated on the ground hewed out wooden ploughs and yokes, even as his Predecessor did 2,000 years ago, and talking with him concerning the economic conditions which have sent several of his relatives to America, I suddenly realized that this western world, discovered and settled by men led by the Christ-impulse, and dominated today by His ideals, is one of the bequests of the Carpenter to mankind. He is responsible for the new ideals of manhood's rights. He kindled the flames of liberty, equality, fraternity which are sweeping like forest fires over the earth. He lifted up the worker's head to a sense of his dignity and rights. What man dare call labor common or contemptible, since the Redeemer toiled in the Nazareth shop, and traveled, on His own feet, over the dusty roads of Palestine, sharing the meagre lot of the toiling poor!

Where People Need Healing.

One of the most pathetic sights of Palestine to this day is the number of sore eyes one meets. At a rough guess I would say that a fourth or a third of the people have bad eyes. The blind are legion. In the fine Scotch hospital at Tiberias a full third of the cases were eye patients. From this viewpoint we get new light upon the work of Jesus as a healer. Obviously, the first and most natural expression of the divine compassion would be in the healing of these sorely smitten people. Nothing could be more appropriate than that the public ministry of the Messiah should express itself in merciful acts toward the sick and the maimed. To understand this phase of the Life, we must turn from the clean and sanitary and healthy western world to the Orient in which Jesus dwelt.

Quietly the news flew from one end of this compact little land to another that a great Healer and Teacher had appeared. The word was passed as travelers halted by the wayside springs, or gathered about the common fire in the khans, or inns; or met on pilgrimage to the Jerusalem feasts. In three years, it is quite easy to see, the whole country of the Jews could be well covered by Jesus in His travels afoot. So we may understand why His repute and His doctrines spread over the land. The East then, as now, had time for the consideration and discussion of religious themes. It is entirely comprehensible that multitudes should throng to His home city Capernaum, and follow him on foot around the head of the Lake of Galilee.

Religion's Last Word.

In Palestine today there lives a man whom many Persians, and not a few Americans, regard as the Messiah—the latest and best manifestation of God. It has been part of my work to investigate this man and his religion. The result makes one sad at heart for his fellowmen. Their foolish rushing after fads and strange fashions almost shakes one's faith in the solid sense of humanity. Shorn of its fanciful and nebulous phraseology (and there seems to be a large class of persons, outside of the colored population, who love high-sounding words which they do not understand), this new religion "Babism or Behaism," is a mere sect of Islam, with some of the teachings of Jesus superimposed. Its loftiest doctrines are the commonplaces of Christianity. It talks about the brotherhood of man as if the idea had just been discovered! Its present leader, a good enough man, attests his claims neither by the words nor works of Jesus.

The study of these other religions, not one of them being without some evidence that Godward aspirations are in the hearts of all the race, leads a candid person to the conclusion that the most beneficent ethical system, the most practical philosophy, and the most satisfactory conceptions of God as well as the ideal Life, were given to mankind by the Teacher who lived and expounded His message among these hills of Palestine, two thousand years ago.

As the Old Year Dies.

Willis Leonard Clanahan in January Smart Set.

Rip Van Winkle lived on a bluff for 20 years, but that is not the record.

If people would only pay as they go, so many would not have to go.

Most novelists care not who may point the moral, as long as their names adorn the tale.

Some men are averse to vice, and some are vise versa.

Not all gall is divided into three parts. Many men manage to preserve theirs intact.

It never tickles a candidate to be scratched by a voter.

We may win all the other points in the game of life, but the undertaker holds the cards and the gravedigger the spades.

Varieties

Milan, Mich., has a town orchestra of girls.

The average locomotive consists of about 5,416 pieces.

The envelopes was invented by M. de Valller about 1653.

The United States has the greatest variety of postage stamps.

The average speed of an elevator is about 20 miles an hour.

Madrid's newest hotel has 135 rooms, 75 of which have bath rooms.

New York's restaurant business is said to be five times greater than London's.

A new dining room chair has a seat that lifts to form a high chair for a child.

Great Britain imported in the last five years wheat and wheat flour worth $1,070,739,955.

Hardened steel dies are produced by electrolytic etching in a recently patented German process.

A restaurant to which only women will be admitted has been opened in the Rue St. Jacques, Paris.

A stranger in Chicago was robbed three times within half an hour after his arrival the other day.

The Austrian river Polk drops into a big hole and disappears entirely into the interior of the earth.

About 600,000 penguin eggs are gathered from nearby islands and sold for food in Cape Colony each year.

Tapped eight feet from the ground, a rubber tree 15 inches in diameter yields three pints of sap.

The British mint recently turned out its first square coins—5-cent nickel bronze pieces for use in Ceylon.

The beech is less often struck by lightning than any other tree; 54 oaks are struck for one beech.

Forty persons are employed on one English farm in the packing and preparation of watercress for the market.

Of the 16,000,000 tons of salt produced in the world each year, the British empire provides 8,500,000 tons.

Milk cooled to a temperature of 85½ degrees may be kept several days at any temperature under 53 degrees.

Old engines are much sought after by horseshoers of Nantes, France, who prize such metal highly for horseshoes.

The Freiburg silver mines of Saxony have been closed, after having been worked for 700 years.

Floors and furniture are not scratched by children playing with new building blocks made of cork in Germany.

Pincers that lock when closed and which require considerable force to open have been patented by a California inventor.

The highest price ever paid for a single flower was given for a tulip in Amsterdam by an enthusiast, who paid $250.00 for it.

What is said to be the oldest pipe organ in the world is on the island of Gothland, in the Baltic sea. It dates from about 1349 A. D.

The handle of one of the newest safety razors has been supplied with a ring to encircle its user's little finger to aid in guiding it.

The gallant Congressman Richmond Pearson Hobson, of Merrimac fame, is receiving congratulations on the birth of his third son.

The women of Maryland have started a new paper called the Voter. Miss Mary Johnston is among the contributors to the first issue.

While French railroad builders were digging a tunnel recently a fossil stag was unearthed in clay 100 feet below the surface of the ground.

An inventive Washingtonian has patented a combination stepladder, ironing board and clothes rack, which folds into small space when not in use.

Manitoba, although the smallest and most thickly populated of the prairie provinces of Canada, has still large areas of vacant land for settlement.

In 1902 the mileage of wires used for telephones was four times as great as that of telegraph wires, but five years later it was eight times as great.

From a maximum of about $58,800,000 in 1905 our exports to China have declined to approximately $16,500,000, which is the total estimated for the present year.

Australians are considering the project of holding a great international exhibition to illustrate to the world the natural and industrial resources of their country.

Sweden has agricultural societies which assist the dairying business by appointing itinerant teachers, giving grants to schools and support to exhibitions.

In 1909 the world produced 18,100 tons of nickel, the chief contributors being United States, 9,000 tons; Germany, 4,100 tons, and England 2,800 tons.

Thoracograph is the name that has been given a machine which has been invented to draw diagrams of a person's chest movements during respiration.

In England there has been invented a pneumatic machine for cutting wire rope or chain under water, where it would be inconvenient to use hand tools.

While the steeple of St. Philip

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DOES U. S. IN 38 HOURS

Englishman Races to See Sights Between Boats.

Washington, Dec. 17.—Landing in New York at 4 o'clock yesterday morning, W. R. Holt, parliamentary correspondent for a London newspaper, caught a special train held in waiting for him and was whisked away to this city. A powerful automobile was chugging impatiently outside the Union station when his train arrived. The Briton leaped into it and began a whirlwind investigation of the capital of the United States.

He left on his special train last night for New York and will sail at 6 o'clock this evening on the liner Mauretania for London. Teh result of his meteor-like flight will be a series of articles for his paper on "Thirty-eight Hours' Impression of America." Mr. Holt had arranged for an audience with President Taft.

Chats With Taft.

He was driven immediately to the White House, where he met Mr. Taft, who chatted with him a few minutes. Then the Briton sprang into his car again and was whirled down Pennsylvania avenue, stopping a few minutes at the treasury and postoffice departments and the department of commerce and labor. The Washington monument was next visited and then the car leaped in the direction of the capitol.

Speaker Cannon was found in his room wreathed in smoke from a black cigar. He shook the visitor by the hand and pressed upon him one of the famous "Uncle Joe" brand of cigars. Mr. Holt was struggling with it when he called on Vice President Sherman and the chairmen of the ways and means committee of the house and the finance committee of the senate, the three most powerful subdivisions of congress.

Public Men "Ripping."

"What do you think of our public men?" he was asked as he left the capitol.

"Ripping!" he returned enthusiastically, and would have said more except that his car bore him off at top speed for a busy afternoon tour of further inspection.

Mr. Holt was entertained last night in New York by Mme. Sarah Bernhardt. Later he went slumming and generally "did" the metropolis before the time set for sailing.

THREE-YEAR POOL GAME ENDS

Winner Has Margin of Only 164 in 100,000 Points.

Haverhill, Mass., Dec. 20.—A pool game lasting three years and for a score of 100,000 points has just been completed by Michael F. Barrett and Horace N. Noyes, of this town. The match was played in private at Noyes' home and few persons were aware that the long-drawn-out game was in progress.

Both are excellent pool players, Noyes having beaten the champion of Canada three games out of five, while Barnett has made brilliant showings at local exhibitions. For the first 50,000 points Barrett was 125 ahead, at the half and three-quarters of the match Noyes was leading by more than 200, but in the last 25,000, Barnett, going strong, managed to win the match by 164 points.

STATE TO IMPORT 5,000 CATS

Sharon, Pa., Dec. 19.—S. S. Gilbert, of this place, has received a request from the state of Washington for 5,000 cats. They will be used to rid Okanogan county of gophers that destroy gardens and farm lands in that section of the state. Five thousand cats are to be shipped to Washington by April 1.

WASHINGTON TOO DULL

So Says Wife of Austrian Ambassador.

Washington, Dec. 19.—The transfer of Baron Hengelmueller, the Austrian ambassador here, which has been expected for more than two years by his colleagues in Washington, is forecasted by the public announcement of the views entertained by the baroness, who is regarded as a social leader of first rank, about Washington society.

It is stated by society people, who commented on the undiplomatic attitude of the baroness, that she was moved to speak unreservedly because she herself expects the transfer of her husband to another post.

The baroness in her statement said: "Washington life is dull and stupid. To get to New York is heaven. For me, for there is so much to do besides sending and receiving cards and callers and drinking tea and going the dreary round of formal and uninteresting social events. Logically, of course, Washington should be the social center of the country. It will never be, however, for no city can take the honors away from New York."

The case has a parallel in the annals of Washington society, the other being that which eventually caused the transfer of Baron Des Planches, the Italian ambassador here until six months ago.

Baroness Des Planches, one afternoon, while an honor guest at a reception given by a western American woman, remarked that she did not like Americans or American society. The tempest that followed kept her in Italy about four years out of five, and the statement always worked against the ambassador, whose transfer followed.

TAFT NEVER STRONGER

John Hays Hammond Tells Europeans of Record of President.

Berlin, Dec. 16.—"Taft emerges from the late elections stronger than ever," said John Hays Hammond, who arrived in Berlin this week on his way to Russia.

"The president is not only more firmly entrenched as the leader of the Republican party, but as a national character as well," added Mr. Hammond. "The country will become more and more convinced of that fact as time goes on. The president and the administration were not issues in the late campaign. The Republican defeats are, therefore, to be ascribed to other causes. Mr. Taft is not thinking of 1912, being occupied exclusively with 1911. He will let the future take care of itself.

"The nation has always known that he is a man of ability and integrity. More recently it has come to know that he is a man of force and of initiative, too; his record of progressive and constructive legislation is unequaled in our entire presidential history, and he will continue as he has begun until the end of his term."

Berlin Papers Talk.

When asked his opinion of the passage in President Taft's message referring to trust legislation Mr. Hammond said:

"The president was doubtless influenced by his desire to await the supreme court decisions in the pending trust cases before recommending fresh legislation."

There is little comment on the passage in question in Germany. The President's intimation that there will, for the present, be no new anti-trust laws creates an agreeable impression in financial quarters. The conservative Post embraces the presidential reference to the International Peace Commission as opportunity for a characteristic anti-American outburst. It brands President Taft's statement that he is awaiting answers regarding disarmament from various foreign governments as typical of the "political naivete" or Americans, who are "children in the realm of world affairs."

The proposal to fortify the Panama canal with long-range artillery indicates, in the opinion of the Post, that America's disarmament proposals are conceived primarily in self-interest.

The organ of Junkerism also makes the interesting discovery that President Taft's disarmament ambitions spring mainly from a desire to divert the attention of his countrymen from the evils of the Republican administration.

WATHA FOUND GUILTY

Manslaughter Verdict Returned by Newark Jury.

Newark, Dec. 17.—"Guilty of manslaughter" was the verdict rendered today against Montella Watha, charged with having been a leader of a mob which lynched Carl Etherington last July. The jury took the case yesterday afternoon at 3:45 o'clock after a trial lasting two weeks.

Watha is the first of 15 men charged with the murder of Etherington to be placed on trial. He was born in Bombay, India. His mother was a Hindu and his father a Malay.

Watha was accused of having been a leader of the mob which hung Carl Etherington, "dry" detective, during the riots following the raid on local saloons, charged with violating the Rose law. Witnesses at the trial testified he was one of those who pulled the rope that hauled Etherington to the top of the telegraph pole and physicians who examined the body declared strangulation caused death.

Other Cases Involved.

Upon the outcome of the Watha case depended the nature of the course which will be taken by the prosecution against others charged with being implicated in the lynching. For this reason friends of the accused obtained Judge Littleford, of Cincinnati, to defend Watha.

The Newark riots were the result of raids on alleged speak-easies by detectives employed by the Anti-Saloon league. On Friday, July 15, the detectives swooped down on several alleged saloons, and in the melee William Howard, one of the proprietors, was shot to death. This act aroused the adherents of the "wets" and mobs formed in the streets.

Etherington was arrested with other detectives. After dusk the mob broke down the jail doors and dragged him into the street. He was hanged to a telegraph pole in front of the court house.

More than 30 persons were indicted by the grand jury for participating in the disorders.

Eighty veniremen were summoned for the Watha case and, owing to the difficulty in securing a jury, it is said, the other cases may be tried outside of Licking county.

GIRL OF 16 NEW HELEN KELLER

Deaf, Dumb and Blind Child's Abilities May Win State Aid.

St. Paul, Dec. 19.—Unable to speak, hear or see since birth, Vera Mabel Gammon of this city, 16 years old, who is being instructed in the State School for the Blind at Faribault, is looked upon by the state board of visitors as the Minnesota Helen Keller, and a bill will be presented to the coming legislature asking for an appropriation of $1,000 a year to further the girl's education.

Miss Gammon has been in the Faribault school but three years, yet she writes on the typewriter with skill, has a vocabulary of 5,000 words and recently wrote an essay of 5,000 words. She makes her own clothes, threading her own needles, and is skilled in fancy work.

COKE EXPERT BOSWORTH DEAD

Made Millions for Frick by Advising Against Early Sale.

Hudson, Dec. 13.—Malin M. Bosworth, 52, former secretary of the M. C. Frick Coke Co., and known as one of the foremost coke authorities in the United States, will be buried here Tuesday.

He died Saturday of septic poisoning, following an illness of several weeks.

It was Mr. Bosworth who prevented the sale of the Frick coke interests many years before their final transfer to the United States Steel Corporation at a huge figure. H. C. Frick had about agreed to sell, but asked to confer with Mr. Bosworth.

"You will sell what will prove to be the best paying investment in the history of the iron and steel business if you do," was Mr. Bosworth's advice. "Hold to it and there will be a time when they will be glad of the chance to pay your price for this coke company."

Mr. Frick refused to go further and the promise made by Mr. Bosworth as to the coke company's future was borne out later.

THIEF KILLS HIMSELF

Robs Bank in Daylight of $2,500 and Rides Away on Horse.

Salina, Kan., Dec. 16.—Ira Ward, 30 years old, who yesterday robbed the state bank of Paradise, at Paradise, Kan., of $2,500, killed himself when surrounded by a posse of farmers 14 miles north of that place late yesterday.

Ward's suicide was a climax to one of the most sensational robberies committed in Kansas in recent years. He made a hard ride for liberty but the farmers over the entire section had been notified by telephone and the pursuing posse easily kept on his trail. For five hours he eluded the farmers who were after him, but about sundown was surrounded at a place 14 miles north of Paradise. Then he turned the gun he had bought earlier in the day upon himself and sent a bullet through his brain.

Find Money on Body.

On the body, the posse found the $2,500 which Ward had stolen from the bank. The bank officials say all of the stolen money has been recovered.

Ward, who lived 12 miles northeast of Luray, Kan., went to Paradise at night. He attracted only casual notice. In the morning he went to a hardware store and bought a revolver, ammunition and a coil of rope. He then entered the bank where he covered Cashier Bert O'Brien and four other men with the weapon. After the safe had beeen opened by the cashier at Ward's direction, the five men were marched into a back room and forced to lie on the floor. The lone bandit then tied the men and gagged them with gunny sacking.

After taking $2,500 from the vault, Ward walked to a hardware store, purchased a rifle and a large number of cartridges and mounting his horse rode rapidly away. In a short time the men in the bank were discovered and released. A posse quickly was formed and started after Ward.

'JERSEY LILY' MAY COME HERE

Mrs. Langtry Is Making $5,000 a Week in Vaudeville.

London, Dec. 19.—Mrs. Langrty, who has just made her debut on the vaudeville stage, told a friend before she left London for Birmingham, where her first appearance was made, that she hoped to visit America with her act, which is a condensed version of Sydney Grundy's The Degenerates. The Jersey Lily has a grievance against New York critics.

"When I was playing Twixt the Night-light and the Light," she said, "I coined the phrase, 'tabloid drama.' The American newspaper men stole it and claimed it as their own."

Mrs. Langtry says she is getting more than Sarah Bernhardt did for vaudeville. Bernhardt got $5,000 a week.

POSTAL BANKS OPEN SOON

Will Receive Deposits Jan. 3 in All States.

Washington, Dec. 19.—Postmaster General Hitchcock stated last night that everything will be in readiness for the postal savings banks in the various states and territories to receive deposits on Jan. 3, the first working day of the new year.

The task of drawing up regulations, forms and instructions to postmasters and the general public, he announced, has progressed to such an extent as to assure the beginning of operations at the experimental offices.

One of the experimental offices will be opened in each state and territory with a view to making the first test of the service as thorough as possible under the limited appropriation. The offices designated are all of the second-class and in localities where the conditions are exceptionally favorable for the development of a postal savings business. Ashtabula, O., is one of the offices to have a first trial.

VIVIEN GOULD TO WED

American Heiress, 18, to Marry Lord, 44.

London, Dec. 15.—Formal announcement is made here of the marriage engagement of Lord Decies and Miss Vivien Gould, the second daughter of George J. Gould, of New York.

The announcement appears in the Morning Post, which is the official organ of nobility and society. The date or place of the wedding is not mentioned.

New York, Dec. 15.—The news from London that Miss Vivien Gould, who is barely 18 years old, and has not even made her debut in society, is to marry John Graham Hope Horsley Beresford, fifth Baron Decies, will be no great surprise to New Yorkers. For several weeks society has been expecting the announcement.

Has Not Yet Entered Society.

Of Miss Vivien Gould not very much can be said, because she really has not entered society nor gone about much. Like her sister Marporie, who wedded young "Tony" Drexel, of Philadelphia she is slender and dark. She is not quite so much of a beauty as young Mrs. Drexel, but she is still a very good-looking girl. She is talented and brilliant.

Lord Decies is 44 years old. He is a distinguished soldier and sportsman. He is lieutenant-colonel of the Seventh Hussars, and has seen more active than ornamental service. He fought in the campaign against the Mad Mullah and won his D. S. O. (Distinguished Service Order) in Somaliland. He served in the Matabele war of 1896 and the Boer war four years later. He succeeded to the title Baron Decies only a short time ago, at the death of his brother.

TAFT TO GO TO G. A. R. MEET

Washington, Dec. 19.—President Taft today accepted an invitation to attend the national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, to be held in Rochester, N. Y., next August.

170 SINK WITH ISLAND

Earthquake Shocks Devastate Region Off Coast of Costa Rica.

Port Limon, Costa Rica, Dec. 19.—Word from Salvador reached here yesterday announcing the sinking of a small island in the Ropango lagoon, following an earthquake shock. It is asserted that nearly all of the inhabitants were killed.

The sinking of the island is said to have followed a series of earthquake shocks, which were felt throughout the republic. The shocks began early in the evening and grew in frequency and violence as night progressed, until about midnight, when the watchers on the shores heard the sound of guns from the people on the island. Shortly after that a huge bonfire was lighted on the island and at about 1 o'clock a boat load of frightened women and children reached the mainland.

Boatmen Filled With Fear.

The survivors reported that other boats were coming as fast as they could be filled, as the island was slowly sinking under the feet of the inhabitants. The boat men of the mainland were appealed to to send aid, but in view of the continued shock and the steadily increasing violence of the sea in the lagoon, the boat men were afraid.

Indeed, there was no time. While they were debating, says the story, another and more violent tremor shook the mainland, and the fire and other lights on the island vanished. In the morning not a vestage of the island remained. In all it is estimated about 170 persons perished. This is not the first time that small islands off the mainland have sunk after earthquake shocks.

JUSTICE WHITE IS NOW CHIEF

After 16 Years on Bench Is Inducted to Higher Office.

Washington, Dec. 19.—Douglas White, for 16 years an associate justice of the supreme court of the United States, today became the ninth chief justice of the nation. The simple house ceremonies of installation were held in the presence of the bench and a distinguished gathering that filled every available inch of space in the little court room.

The oath of allegiance was administered by Associate Justice Harlan, just before the court took its place on the bench.

The new head of the court, obviously embarrassed, marched into the court room to his usual place on the bench in his capacity as an associate justice. As he took his seat, he smiled at his wife, who sat in a reserved seat alongside his brother, James White, of this city, and other relatives.

MAKE WORLD BETTER

Englishmen Form Club to Give Service.

London, Dec. 16.—A new club on a novel plan was inaugurated in London this week by a dinner. Its name is the Agenda club, and it is an organization of altruists, each of whom pledges himself to help, by some small definite service in his own particular line of accomplishment, of some clearly defined object or agendum.

Already the club has made a successful appeal to a very large number of persons. Time will show how far the club will bring about the fulfillment of the organizers' belief, that if the capacity, resourcefulness, research, courage and persistence which are applied daily to the production and distribution were applied to idealistic effort—to the task of getting certain things done which ought to be done, and which everyone would be glad to see done—we might hope to see a better and happier England.

Sydney Holden presided at the first meeting. He said that the object of the club would be to make class love class, to bring happiness and sympathy to those who badly needed it; to raise the physical and moral standard of the people; to fight disease; to alleviate suffering among the poor; to protect the weak, and to foster patriotism.

Mr. Holden appealed to gentlemen by birth, education and instinct to "come out of their shells and lead in the van of social organization."

The secretary, in explaining the scheme of organization and procedure, said that sectional meetings had been arranged relating to journalism, art, letters, commerce, finance, engineering, law, medicine, the church, the services and other professions. There are more than 200 members, including Prof. Waldstein, Lord Shaftesbury, Sir Norman Lockyer, H. Granville Barker and Owen Seaman, the editor of Punch.

Which Will Win?

Heart Disease Rapidly Gaining and Will Soon Be Principal Cause of Death in the United States

According to the latest medical reports, twice as many persons are dying of heart disease in this country to-day, in proportion to the population, as compared with thirty-three years ago, and every year the death rate, due to heart disease, is rapidly increasing, so that unless something is done to combat it, it will soon become more of a menace than consumption and be the principal cause of death in the United States.

The causes of this alarming increase are that we are eating too much nitrogenous food, living too rapid a life and not exercising enough in the open air. Life is too intense and the struggle for existence is growing more difficult.

In the midst of these appalling conditions, when doctors in general seem powerless to overcome the obstacle, it is gratifying and assuring to know that one person at least foresaw the calamity and succeeded in perfecting a remedy which according to the strongest and most reliable testimony is not only capable of regulating and strengthening weak hearts, but is curing thousands of cases.

Arrangements have been made so that any reader of this paper, whose heart flutters, palpitates or skips beats, who has shortness of breath, tenderness, or pain in left side, fainting spells, dizziness, nightmare, cold hands or feet, swelling of feet, ankles or hands, or any symptom of heart weakness or disease, can obtain a course of this celebrated treatment for free trial by mail, postpaid, by writing to Dr. F. G. Kinsman, 5 Hunt Block, Augusta, Maine.

Better Health

A Pleasing Sense of Health and Strength Renewed and of Ease and Comfort

follows the use of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, as it acts gently on the kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the system effectually, when constipated, or bilious, and dispels colds and headaches.

To get its beneficial effects, always buy the genuine, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

ELOPES, WEDS W. HOPPE

New York Heiress Disregards Father's Wishes.

Baltimore, Md., Dec. 15.—William F. Hoppe, formerly of Cleveland, known as Willie Hoppe, world's champion billiardist, eloped to this city yesterday afternoon and was married, in the residence of Cardinal Gibbons, to Miss Alice B. Walsh, daughter of Thomas W. Walsh, a wealthy manufacturer of 756 Broadway, New York.

The marriage, strictly, was against the wishes of the father of the bride and he had tried to break up the friendship several times, but all his efforts were of no avail.

Mr. Walsh was very angry when notified of the wedding by B. L. Mank, Hoppe's manager. It is thought he will come to Baltimore today to learn all the details.

The elopment was the culmination of a romance that had its beginning in Atlantic City three years ago, when Hoppe rescued Miss Walsh from a watery grave. From then on they were inseparable and constantly had been seen in New York together.

Hoppe met Miss Walsh yesterday morning in a downtown drug store in New York and upon their arrival here they went immediately to the residence of the cardinal. It was intended that the ceremony should be performed by Cardinal Gibbons, but as he was very busy all afternoon with church work, Father Patrick Gavin, an old friend of the bridegroom, acted in his stead.

The couple will remain here until Sunday, when Hoppe will go to Washington to give exhibitions. Mrs. Hoppe will continue on his tour with him and they will return to New York in about three weeks.

LEMON TREE IN CUT THUMB

Barkeep Sprouts One Which He Keeps to Prove Story.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 15.—Surpassing Luther Burbank's wildest flight of horticultural fancy and leaving at the post the whole confraternity of "back to the soil" enthusiasts, Wilfrid Barron, of Washington, has produced a lemon plant which he can boast as literally his own handiwork. He grew it from a seed embedded in a cut in his thumb.

Barron was paring lemons six weeks ago in a cafe where he practises his profession as a blender of beverages and jugler of sleep inducing juices when the knife slipped and made an exploratory incision in the ball of the Barron'al thumb. Doing a little quiet slipping on its own account, a lemon seed coyly concealed itself in the cut.

After the surface of the wound had healed Barron's thumb burgeoned like a bud in springtime and three sprouts appeared. Then the animated experimented station called in Dr. C. A. Snow, who "cut back" the luxuriant foliage. This pruning resulted naturally in a sturdier growth, which was cut out, rootlets and all, and transferred to a flower pot. To confound the incredulous and amaze the arboricultural, Barron has the cut thumb and the thriving lemon plant as evidence.

EDDY WILL IS FILED

Many Small Bequests Besides Fortune to Church.

Concord, N. H., Dec. 15.—"For the purpose of more effectually promoting and extending the religion of Christian Science as taught by me," Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy in her will, filed here yesterday, makes the mother church of Boston her residuary legatee, after various other bequests are paid.

Conservative estimates in advance of the official appraisel of the Eddy estate place its value at approximately $1,500,000.

Among the bequests is one of $100,000 to the Christian Science board of directors to be held in trust for the purpose of providing free instruction for "indigent Christian Scientists." In addition to the previous gifts made to her son George W. Glover, of Lead, S. D., $10,000 is given him in the will and the same sum is given each of his five children. Dr. E. J. Foster Eddy, her adopted son, gets $5,000; Calvin A. Frye, $20,000, and there are several more bequests of $1,000 to $3,000 each to relatives and to attendants of the Eddy household.

By codicils, Mrs. Eddy directs that an indebtedness upon the church edifice of the Second Church of Christ, Scientist, in New York shall be canceled from her estate and bequeaths her "crown of diamonds breastpin" to Mrs. Augusta E. Stetson, of New York.

The will was filed by Henry M. Baker, the executor. It was executed September 13, 1901, and re-executed as an original will November 7, 1903, the previous will having been lost or mislaid.

GOVERNMENT TRADES IN FUR

Finds Rich Profit in Doing Its Own Seal Killing in Alaska.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 19.—By doing its own sealing in Alaska the United States government has profited this year more than three times as much as it ever did in any single year when the sealing privileges were rented to a commercial company.

Secretary Nagel was advised from London, where the department of commerce and labor sold its first crop of seal skins, that the 14,000 skins were found to be of the very finest quality and netted the government $450,000 in cash.

This is the first year the government has done its own sealing. For many years the concession has been leased. Not only does the government expect to profit, but the seal herds will be better protected.

SAYS TAFT STOLE IDEA

Sculptor Attacks President's Brother in Statement.

Cincinnati, O., Dec. 19.—Declaring that Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Taft have "filched the idea" of Mrs. Frederick Alms, of Cincinnati, and that they have committed "grand larceny of one of the most beautiful sentiments that ever inspired the donation of money," Gotzon Borglum, the famous New York sculptor, yesterday riddled the Tafts in a signed statement regarding his position in the matter of building a $10,000 Lincoln statue.

Borglum says that this donation was the largest ever given by a single individual for the creation of a piece of American art and that the Tafts' contract with Barnard is the 'theft of an idea perpetuated upon a sick woman." He says that if Mrs. Alms wishes him to create a statue of Lincoln he will do so.

"If Mr. and Mrs. Taft saw in this situation an opportunity to present to their city an object of beauty, would it not have been better as citizens to have offered also some new idea for its motive rather than to have filched that idea, almost at the moment of its consummation from the mind of the kind and benevolent woman who had originated it?" says Borglum in his statement.

COL. CODY KILLS A BUFFALO

Shoots Down Quarrelsome Old Bull in Herd of "Pawnee Bill."

Pawnee, Okla., Dec. 15.—Col. William F. Cody, "Buffalo Bill," who is visiting with Major Gordon Lillie, "Pawnee Bill," on the latter's buffalo ranch near this city, shot and killed what probably will be the last buffalo of his historic and interesting career, during an early morning hunt yesterday.

On the Lillie ranch at the present time are several buffalo, the herd recently having been augmented by a specimen from the Austin Corbin ranch in New Hampshire.

For some time an unruly old buffalo bull has been mistreating the other animals and Maj. Lillie determined to kill him for a barbecue feast to be given in honor of Col. Cody and a party of friends from the east.

Buffalo Bill was given the distinction of hunting down and shooting the bull. He was accompanied by all members of the party, together with numerous Indians, and executed the death penalty with one shot.

BEGS FOR LEGAL DEATH

Resident of Battle Creek, Mich., Petitions Government of Four States.

Battle Creek, Mich., Dec. 15.—Thomas McKinsey has appealed to the governors of four states to governors of four states to grant him the use of the electric chair to release him from a living death by legal execution.

His letters tell the story of a man of misfortune. The writer never has seen the light of day in the 55 years of his life and now fears that his voice, with which he has been earning his living for the last few years by singing in the streets, is failing. With the loss of his singing, he will be unable to earn even the necessities of life and he wants to end all rather than become a charge of the state in some almshouse. This, he declares, would be worse than death.

McKinsey says he has calmly reviewed his own condition and concluded death is the only hope. He has considered suicide, but thinks it wrong. Society, he says, has condemned him to death and he demands that the sentence be carried out, as speedily and painlessly as possible. The Bible, he says, condemns suicide as a crime, but gives much proof that a man in his condition can demand execution by the state.

Not Always So Poor.

McKinsey has not always occupied the lowly position in which he now finds himself. He was born, the son of a farmer, near Central, Ind. He was educated in the Indiana state school for the blind and became a pastor in the Disciple church. He held pastorates at Thornton and Elizaville, Ind., and for a time did circuit preaching. Later he left this denomination and became a Seventh Day Adventist, but finally he gave up the pulpit and began singing in the streets.

He has been a resident of Battle Creek for 13 years and is a well known character about the streets. He sells lead pencils, papers and shoe strings, as well as singing in the streets. He appears to be an exceedingly bright man and highly educated.

McKinsey is married and has one daughter, a girl 16 years old. His wife is in ill-health and able to do but little work. From what McKinsey is able to earn on the streets and the occasional work his wife does the family is barely able to exist. The girl is attending school. The family now occupies rooms in a block at 14 East Main street.

Appeals to States.

McKinsey's plea is directed to the governors of Ohio, New York, New Jersey and West Virginia, where the electric chair is used in legal executions. It says:

"I have been blind from birth. I am hopelessly blind. I am not and seemingly cannot be profitably employed therefore I cannot consistently have a home and a wife. If I live I must live in the poorhouse among lunatics, idiots, broken down drunkards, and vagabonds, where all I can do is to eat unpalatable food and wear coarse clothes, where there will be an end to aspiration, and where I can be slowly murdered. Surely under such circumstances it is the duty of the state to take my life in the most painless way possible, as I am willing and anxious that it should do so.

"I have the misfortune to live in a state which will not even execute its criminals therefore I write to ask that I may be electrocuted in a state chair in Ohio, New York, New Jersey or West Virginia.

Still Loves Life.

"I frankly admit I do not want to leave this life. I do not believe in suicide. If I did I would kill myself. But as long as society has said that I shall starve to death, that I shall go without the necessities of life, I only ask that my death be made a painless one. I hope the governor of some state where they electrocute people will permit my life to be taken in that painless way.

"Possibly they will say I am insane when this letter is published, but I am not. I am as rational as any man. Life is just as precious to me as it is to the more fortunate, but society says I shall die by starvation and after trying for years make myself believe that this is not true. I have decided to appeal for mercy to appeal for the painless death given to criminals.

"Why should I, because I am blind be treated this way? I want a chance to make a living. I want a chance to save a little for the time of life when I know I will be unable to do anything. I have tried for years to win this chance, but my every effort has been blocked."

FREE TO YOU—MY SISTER FREE TO YOU and Every Sister Suffering From Woman's Ailment

I am a woman. I know women's sufferings. I have found a cure. I will mail, free of any charge, my home treatment with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell all women about this cure—you, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. Men can not understand women's sufferings. What we women know from experience, we know better than any doctor. I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for Leucorrhoea or Whitish Discharges, Ulceration, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths; also pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, sparkness, kidney and bladder troubles caused by weakness peculiar to our sex.

I want to send you a complete ten days' treatment entirely free to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home quickly and surely. Remember that it will cost you nothing to give the treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cts a week, or less than 2 cts a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send me your name and address, tell me how you suffer if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free of cost my book—"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER" with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to think for herself. Then when the doctor says —"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all, old or young. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectively cures Leucorrhoea, Green Sickness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use.

Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies in your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all women's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. Just send your address, and the free ten days' treatment is yours, also the book. Write today, you may not see this offer again. Address

MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box 8. South Bend, Ind., U. S. A.

THIRTEEN ARE KILLED

Gas and Dynamite Lets Go in New York Central Power Station.

New York, Dec. 19.—On a technical charge of homicide the police late today took into custody Albert Segaratt, motorman of a train which bumped into and broke one of the gas pipes near the substation.

The following statement was issued this afternoon at the New York Central offices:

"A careful investigation indicates that the explosion was the result of an electric train backing over a bumping post in the storage yard, breaking a gas pipe, the escape from which penetrated the lower part of the substation power house, and became ignited ther from some cause unknown."

New York, Dec. 19.—Thirteen persons lost their lives, 50 were injured and 1,000 people badly shaken up in an explosion of car lighting gas tanks and dynamite in the new six-story power station of the New York Central railroad under course of construction at Fiftieth and Lexington avenue today.

Nine bodies have been recovered, and the bodies of four workmen are believed to be in the wreckage.

A short time after the explosion an official examination into the causes of and responsibility for the accident began. Assistant District Attorneys Rubin and Strong, of Mr. Whitman's homicide bureau, appeared at the East Fifty-first street police station this afternoon to begin the examination.

A trolley car filled with a dozen high school students was blown from the tracks on Lexington avenue. Four passengers were killed and the others injured. Ceilings and windows in hospitals, schools and apartment houses were shattered by the explosion which caused innumerable minor hurts of workmen and people in the affected territory.

Ambulance surgeons from many hospitals cared for the injured.

The windows of all the buildings overlooking the excavation were shattered. Walls were smoke-blackened and in many cases cracked; a cloud of smoke hung over the scene; bodies were scattered here and there, and there was the incessant clatter of ambulance gongs. The Grand Central cut where new levels are being excavated looks as if a battle had been fought in it.

WISHES FOR $2,000,000 GIFT

General Booth Says He Would Start a "University of Humanity."

London, Dec. 17.—"What would I not give for $2,000,000 to help us win true peace," exclaimed General Booth of the Salvation Army, in an interview concerning the $10,000,000 given by Andrew Carnegie to the world's peace movement.

"I only wish," continued General Booth, "that Mr. Carnegie would give me the chance before I die."

General Booth's idea of the use he would make of a great sum of money is the founding of a "University of Humanity," with centers in London and New York, "whither the lowest and humblest might be brought in thousands to learn the lesson of forgetfulness of self."

General Booth is about to undergo another operation for an eye trouble from which he has long suffered.

22 MINERS ARE DEAD

Twenty-six Caught by Underground Explosion.

Norton, W. Va., Dec. 14.—Twenty-six men were entombed by an explosion in the Greeno mine, of the Bond Coal Co., near Tacoma, at 9 o'clock this morning. Latest reports indicate that 22 of the entombed miners are dead.

The explosion was caused by a quantity of gas becoming ignited in the workings of the mine.

Immediately upon being notified of the disaster by the Associated Press, Dr. J. A. Holmes, of the bureau of mines, telegraphed instructions to A. R. Brown, expert in charge of the bureau's mine rescue station at Knoxville, Tenn., to proceed immediately to Tacoma with all necessary apparatus to assist in the rescue of the entombed miners.

PEACE SOCIETY IS CONFIDENT

Stimulated by Carnegie, Sees End of War.

Washington, Dec. 15.—Stimulated by the magnitude of Andrew Carnegie's gift of $11,100,000 for the abolition of war between nations and by the knowledge that the fund will be used largely for objects akin to its own, the American Society for judicial settlement of international disputes will open a three day international conference tonight, more confident than ever before of the ultimate attainment of its aim—the establishment of a permanent tribunal of arbitral justice.

Such a court was advocated by Secretary of State Knox in a note to the powers and was adopted at the last Hague conference, plans for the realization of the tribual being left open.

Andrew Carnegie will be the principal speaker of the evening his subject being "the moral issue in war," and it is expected that he will make further explanation of the gift announced yesterday.

Smart Set.

Ted—"Did he sober down and marry?"

Ned—"No; he married and sobered down."

FITS I have cured patients who had Epilepsy, St. Vitus' Dance, Falling Sickness, Spasms, Hysteria, Fits, Nervousness, Headache, Nervous Prostration, Nervous Debility, Locomotor Ataxia, Insanity, Paralysis, Sleeplessness, Nervous Neuralgia, Hardening of the Brain, Softening of the Brain, Loss of Memory, Loss of Manhood, Impotency, Lack of Nerve Force, Lack of Energy, Failing Manhood, Impaired Memory, Despondency, Melancholy, Blues, Mental Depression, Lack of Confidence, Self-Distrust, Stammering, Stuttering, Lack of Will Power, Weak Will, Weak Back, Weak Kidneys, Weak Bladder, Weak Stomach, Lost Vitality, Nervous Chills, Nervous Trembling, Nervous Twitching, Nervous Exhaustion, Nervous Dyspepsia, Nervous Indigestion, Nervous Heart Disease, Nervous Consumption, Nervous Decline, Nervous Wrecks, Nervous Debility, Nervous Prostration, Nervous Weakness, Nervous Diseases, Nervous Troubles, Nervous Disorders, Nervous Affections, Nervous Irritability, Nervous Excitability, Nervous Depression, Nervous Impotency, Nervous Failure, Nervous Collapse, Nervous Breakdown, Nervous Ruin, Nervous Despair, N

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR

REAL-LIFE GLIMPSES

BY ELIZABETH.

IN a section of one of Toledo's large department shops, where are sold perfumes, scented soaps and the various and sundry other sweet smelling things which make up a stock of this kind, the other day I found a little girl, dressed in black, who gave me a few pleasant moments. She was behind the counter, and, there being a temporary absence of customers, there seemed no reason why I might not look and loiter, and sniff the air, heavy with the imitation fragrance of flowers.

There were many attractive things at this counter. One could not see them all at a glance, and their attractiveness was enhanced by the fact, that here, one might buy pretty things for a small amount of money.

I was thinking what to buy and for whom to buy it, when a cheery voice brought me out of my abstraction.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" the voice was saying, and saying this so pleasantly, I wanted its owner to do something for me immediately and at once, so that I might return the favor. I was in that helpless and exasperating condition for all parties concerned, called indecision. I did not know what I wanted, or for whom I wanted it. I was glad to have the Litt.e Girl in Black come to the rescue. She called my attention to several articles, displaying them so deftly that she enhanced their charm and made each one seem desirable.

With her aid, I found something to buy which was "just what I wanted." While I was waiting for my package we held a conversation, during which the Little Girl in Black did most of the talking. This was "just what I wanted," too. Naturally, her theme was Christmas, and it was this she told:

"Some of us boys and girls are going to get together this year, and give a Christmas dinner to a poor family we know. We are going to do that instead of having a party for ourselves. There'll be toys for the children and all the fun we can give them.

"Last year, my sisters and I gave a dinner to a family, living way out on the edge of the city. It was such a desolate place. It would have made your heart ache to see it. This year we need to do something of the kind, more than ever. Christmas won't be the same to us. We've lost our mother."

For a moment her voice faltered, then she went on bravely: "My father came home the other night and said he had bought a Christmas tree. We are going to give it to some one. We're going to have a good time that way," she said, smiling.

She told me this in an unassuming manner, as if she were talking about nothing in particular. She was not expecting praise or sympathy, and she was not taking to herself any credit. I was a stranger to her, but she told me the things which were occupying her mind, and she told them with no idea they would be passed on.

When I went away, I said to her, "I hope you may have a very happy Christmas."

Her look was one of pleased surprise, and her response came quickly, "I hope you may have one, too," she returned, in kind.

Unless I go back to her counter, I doubt if I shall know the Little Girl in Black, and I doubt if she will know me if we should chance to meet again. It was such a short time we were together. It is likely that her picture is stronger to me than mine is to her, because of what she told me of her Christmas plans.

There are many others who are planning this way, not only at Christmas, but for every day in the year. The holiday season brings a grand climax to these plans and a wholesale business in this line is transacted, but all the year round the work of the helping hand, in some form or other, not alone in almsgiving, is going on, and the helping hands are increasing in number. I encounter many proofs of this in my journeyings about town. I encounter, too, the other and dark side of the picture, painted by those who know not what they do, and, knowing not, must pay and make others pay the penalty of their ignorance.

The little girl behind the counter asked: "Is there anything I can do for you?"

This is a question to pass on through the world, to make universal. Always there is something we can do for one another if we keep alive to what is going on around us and ask the question and heed the answers.

You may think you do not care for either the question or its answers. Some day you may. Some day you may need the question: "Is there anything I can do for you?"

If that day comes the question will sound like sweetest music to your ears.

Care a little while you journey day by day. Ask and, having asked, give heed to the answers.

Whoever you are and wherever you may be, may the good cheer of the season attend you.

A Merry Christmas to Everyone

Children's Letters.

Whoever you are and wherever you may be, I wish a merry Christmas to all my boys and girls.—Elizabeth.

Hello! Boys and Girls—I would like to join your happy band. We live near Hammondsport, New York. I am 11 years old. I go to school nearly every day. We have 17 pupils. I have a mile and a half to walk. I have one brother. For pets, I have a canary bird and three cats. I will be glad when Christmas comes. We raise lots of grapes here.

They manufacture motorcycles and flying machines at Hammondsport.

It is about five minutes' walk from where I live to Lake Keuka. Well, as my letter is getting long, I will close for this time, hoping to see this in print.—Esther Slater, New York.

Dear Interesting Blade—I am an Iowa girl. I live on a farm of 160 acres. We had a good crop this year, excepting fruits, as we had a very hard frost in the spring, just when the fruit trees were in blossom. I live about four miles from the Mississippi river. A while ago there was the biggest haul of fish made about five miles from here that was ever made from the Mississippi. Eighty-four tons were caught. I think that is a lot of fish.

This is a very hilly country, but I think I would like to live on the prairie for a while, to see which I liked the best. My father built a new house this summer. It was very interesting to watch the carpenters work.

I have a sister teaching school, and I like very much to visit her school. I also have a sister married. I have a little niece and a little nephew. Their names are Evelyn and Arnold. I enjoy very much to have them come to visit us. I wrote one letter before, but I didn't see it in print. If this one is printed, I will come again.—Florence Wachter, Harper's Ferry, Iowa.

Dear Little Boys and Girls—I am a little girl, 8 years of age. I have big brown eyes and brown hair. I go to school and Sunday school. I am in the third grade and A class at school. My teacher's name is Arabella Chute. My teacher's name at Sunday school is Annabelle Shuttleworth. I go to the M. E. church and am in the first class. My playmates' names are Ruth Orndorf and Esther Atlas. I live in a little town named New Straitsville. I have two sisters named Uarda and Mildred. I have a pet cat named Muff. My papa has been taking The Blade for a long time and we all enjoy its weekly visits. My grandma takes The Blade. She will be surprised when she reads this. I would like to tell you about the mines, but will close because it's my first letter. I will sign my full name.—Dorothy Bell Thompson, Ohio.

Dear Children—I thought I would join your happy band. I live one mile northward and eight rods west of Burlington, in the state of dear old Michigan, and it is good enough for me. I was once in Indiana, but I liked the place where I was brought up the best, though Indiana is a nice place. I was 13 the 11th of November. For pets I have two cats and a chicken. My cats' names are Billie and Christopher, and my chicken's name is Francis. If I see this in print I will write again. I will sign my real name—Ray S. Peters, Michigan.

Dear Friends of The Blade—We are two little girls, nine and 12 years old. As we have never seen many letters from Pennsylvania, we thought we would write one. As this is our first letter, we shall not make it very long. We have two big sisters. We go to school and are in the fourth and seventh grades. We go to school every day. We have some chickens. Our papa has not taken The Blade very long, but we like it. The first thing we look at are the children's letters.

We help our mother all we can. We like music, books and study. We go to Sunday school every Sunday. We guess we had better close our letter as it is getting very long and if we see this in print we may write again. Our names are Portia and Margaret Bricker.—Verona, Pennsylvania.

Dear Boys and Girls of The Blade—I am a little boy, seven years old. My home is at Albany, New York. My papa inspects the plumbing and concrete work on the Delaware and Hudson R. R. He owns a gasoline launch. We have nice times going for rides on the river. Papa named the launch the Robert B. after me. I have no brothers or sisters, but I have five cousins, up in St. Law county, where mamma and I went to spend the summer. I helped my uncle, riding the horse to cultivate the corn and potatoes, but the most fun was to ride Bell to the brook to water. One day, uncle and I both got on Bell's back to ride from the pasture. She had a shoe off and stumbled down. Now what do you think! Uncle and I went over her head. What a laugh we had! He did not dare to get on again, but I did.

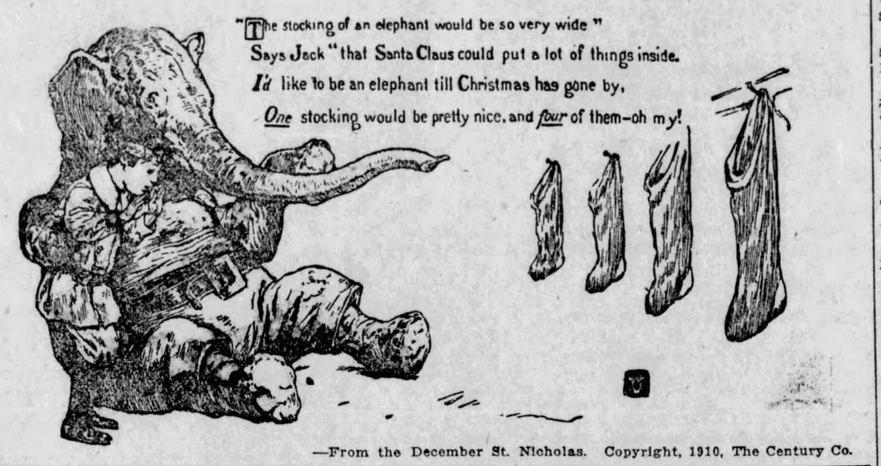
I gathered the eggs for aunty, and fed the chickens. Uncle takes The Blade and now he sends it to me. If I see this in print, I will come again and tell you about the capitol and my school.—Robert Ford Babbitt, Albany, New York.

Dear Blade—I wonder if you will let a girl from New Hampshire enter your corner in the paper. I have read your letters for some time, but have not been able to get up courage to write. I have always lived on a farm in Vermont, until a year ago, when we moved to a village in New Hampshire, but living on a farm 12 years, made me quite a farmer girl. Well, as this is my first visit, I will not stop long. I will sign my name. —Hurricane, New Hampshire.

JUST THINK OF IT!

BY EUNICE WARD

"The stocking of an elephant would be so very wide"
Says Jack "that Santa Claus could put a lot of things inside.
I'd like to be an elephant till Christmas has gone by,
One stocking would be pretty nice, and four of them—oh my!



—From the December St. Nicholas. Copyright, 1910, The Century Co.

APPLES AND POTATOES

The congregation of one of the large churches in Toledo during the week preceding Christmas gave a social evening, to which each one who attended was requested to bring one large red apple and one large, fair potato. These donations, when assembled, were divided and given where they would do the most good. As there are more than 600 members belonging to this church the collection of apples and potatoes was more than a "considerable few."

POETS' CORNER

A Victim to Peticklers.*

By Josiah Allen.

I've been bed-sick, and very bad,
And pains, and chills, and cramps I've had;
And at Tirzah's Samantha come suddenly down
With pleurisy pains from head to crown;
She couldn't get home with her plaguey crick,
So they never let her know I wuz sick.
But the neighbors turned out good and true,
And stood by me to help me through;
They come alone and they come in pairs,
They come with mules and they come with mairs,
And I felt the goodness that in 'em lay—
And treated 'em well both night and day,
Till they brung in them peticklers.

They come from fur and they come from near,
With new wild remedies, strange and queer,
My mouth wuz a open and burning road
Down which the streams of their medicine flowed,
Streams of wormwood and oil of tar,
And onions, and warnuts, and goose, and b'ar,
But my meen wuz a Christian's all the while
I rithed, and swollered and tried to smile;
Till they brung in them peticklers.

They blistered my back, and they blistered my breast,
They oiled my nose and they oiled my chest—
They gin me sweets of various sorts,
Hemlock and whiskey, and corn, and oats;
I drinked their gruel, weaker'n a cat,
I drinked their whey, didn't wink at that,
I stood their faith cures, and their mind,
I took 'em all and acted resigned
Till they brung in them peticklers.

But they tried their cures to the very last,
And I grew no better very fast;
And I s'pose they thought 'twould brighten up my gloom
To bring some peticklers into my room—
So they drove 'em in, and they talked of flies,
And of chicken's teeth, and muskeeter's eyes,
And they talked of pins and stalks of hay,
And lettis seed, and there I lay
A victim to small peticklers.

And one man recounted a lengthy tale
About the best way to drive a nail
And one old woman talked a hour
On a pinch of salt and a spoonful of flour,
And one man boasted two hours the deed
He did when he pizened a pusley weed.
And there I'd sweat, and there I'd groan,
And pull my grey locks unbeknown,
A victim to small peticklers.

And one man sat with a anxious frown
Disputin' himself right up and down,
As to whether the hour wuz one or two,
When his old off mair lost its off shoe.
Sometimes 'twas two, and then 'twas one,
And so through the hours the mair wuz run,
And it trampled my brain, till I cried "Whoa!
Do shoe the old mair and let her go,"
But under its heels I had to lay,
And sweat and rithed, and cussed the day
They drove in them peticklers.

And they wondered if Jane had cloth enough
For her calico apron with bib and ruff,
And they mentally rent their robes and tore
For fear that sumthin' wuz wrong with the gore,
Till I wished that gore wuz over it rolled
And on Joseph's boots that had been new soled,
And they almost mistrusted wuz too thin
By pretty nigh the wedth of a pin,
And I vowed I could put their souls all in
And rattle 'em round in the head of a pin,
And there I groaned, and turned and lay,
And sweat, and rithed from day to day,
A victim to small perticklers.

Till one day I riz and cried with might,
"Bring on an earthquake into my sight,
Fetch me a cyclone good and strong,
A hurrycain, pestilence, bring 'em along,
Let me see 'em before I am dead,
Let 'em roar and romp around my bed,
But ketch 'em, kill 'em, drive 'em away,
This very minute of this very day,
Every one of your dumb perticklers.

Let me be killed out square and rough
By a good hard kick from a elephant's huff,
Or let a volcano rize and bust
This mortal frame if bust it must,
But I swan to man that I won't die
By a kick from the off leg of a fly;
And agin I swan that I won't give in
And go to my grave on the point of a pin,
Killed by your dumb perticklers.

My eye wuz wild, my goery meen
Skairt 'em almost to death, I ween,
The three old men fled out of my sight,
The two old wimmen, mad with afright,
Jostled each other, and fell over chairs;
And they all on 'em said I wuz crazier'n bears.
But I settled back on my peaceful bed
And most mistrusted that I wuz dead
And had got through the gate to Beulah land,
And I smiled some smiles serene and bland,
For I never had felt such peace before,
As when I drove 'em out of the door,
Everyone of them dumb perticklers.

*Josiah wuz bound on printin' this, very much aginst my wishes. And I take it that it is my duty es well es privelege to tell what I mistrust started him off to writin' poetry. Writin' poetry at his age! and with his heft! the idee!

Wall, this is what I mistrust is the reason. I don't know for certain, but I mistrust.

There wuz a certain man in Loontown a owin' us quite a big debt, and he afterward went to peddlin' fish, and es we couldn't get the debt in any other way we took it in fish. Two barrels of sisco, besides some bullheads and other fish. And somehow I didn't seem to care about 'em, and Josiah bein' so savin', and wantin' 'em lost, he eat most the hull 'em himself. And I have s'pozed to myself that that is what started him off on poetry—I feel like death about it. The siscoes wuz very small, and the accounts to me some, for the weaker of the verses. (And some I lay to natural causes. Poor creeter, he can't write. And I begged and begged him not to try to print it, but he would, he acted so obstinate, and sot. I lay that same to his bullheads, (and some to natural causes.)

But the hull thing has been a blow to me. It has worked me up dretfully, dretfully.

Josiah Allen's Wife.

Jonesville.

Post Scrip—There is several dollars due yet on that debt, and Josiah wants to take the rest on it in fish. And he says that savin' if he takes 'em, he'll eat 'em. I tremble for the result. I'd ruther lose the debt than take the resks—far ruther.

S. A.

MRS. FOGARTY'S CHRISTMAS CAKE

Author Unknown.

As I sat by my window last even
The letter man brought unto me
A little gilt-edged invitation,
Saying: "Gilhooley, come over to tea
Sure, I knew that the Fogarty's sent
So I went, for old friendship's sake,
And the first thing they gave me to tackle
Was a slice of Mrs. Fogarty's cake.

CHORUS.

There were plums and prunes and cherries,
Raisins, citron and cinnamon, too.
There were nutmegs, cloves and berries
And the lid was nailed on with glue
There were careaway seeds in abundance
Sure it would build up a fine stomach ache,
You could kill a man twice after eating a slice
Of Mrs. Fogarty's Christmas cake.

Mrs. Fogarty, proud as a peacock,
Kept smiling and blinking away,
Till she fell over Flanagan's brogans
And spilled a whole brewing of tay,
"Oh, Gilhooley," cried she, "you're eating,
Try a little bit more for my sake;"
"No thanks, Mrs. Fogarty," sez I,
"But I'd like the receipt of that cake.

Miss Mulligan wanted to taste it,
But really there wasn't no use;
They worked at it over an hour,
And couldn't get none of it loose.
Till Fogarty went for the hatchet,
And Killy came in with a saw;
That cake was enough, by the powers,
To paralyze any man's jaw.

McFadden complained of his stomach,
McCormick complained of his head;
McNulty laid down on the sofa,
And swore that he wished he was dead
Miss Dally fell down in hysterics,
And there she did wiggle and shake;
While every man swore he was poisoned
Through eating Mrs. Fogarty's cake.

BILLY BOY

Author Unknown.

Where have you been, Billy Boy, Billy Boy,
Where have you been, charming Billy?
I've been to seek a wife,
She's the joy of my life,
She's a young thing, and cannot leave her mother.

Did she set for you a chair, Billy Boy, Billy Boy,
Did she bid you come in, charming Billy?
Yes, she bade me to come in,
With a dimple in her chin,
She's a young thing, and cannot leave her mother.

Did she sit for you a chair, Billy Boy, Billy Boy,
Did she set for you a chair, charming Billy?
Yes, she sat for me a chair,
With a diamond in her hair,
She's a young thing, and cannot leave her mother.

Did she bid you to sit down, Billy Boy, Billy Boy,
Did she bid you to sit down, charming Billy?
Yes, she bade me to sit down,
With her eyes a sparkling brown,
She's a young thing, and cannot leave her mother.

Can she bake a cherry pie, Billy Boy, Billy Boy,
Can she bake a cherry pie, charming Billy?
She can bake a cherry pie,
Quick as the cat can wink her eye,
She's a young thing, and cannot leave her mother.

Is she very tall, Billy Boy, Billy Boy,
Is she very tall, charming Billy?
Yes, she's as tall as any pine,
And as straight as a pumpkin vine,
She's a young thing, and cannot leave her mother.

Has she ever seen a church, Billy Boy, Billy Boy,
Has she ever seen a church, charming Billy?
Yes, she has often seen a church,
With her bonnet white as a birch,
She's a young thing, and cannot leave her mother.

How old is she, Billy Boy, Billy Boy,
How old is she, charming Billy?
She is twice six, twice seven,
She's forty and eleven,
She's a young thing, and cannot leave her mother.

"THANK YOU."

To those who have sent me Christmas cards and Christmas greetings, I wish to say "thank you." Such courtesies are much appreciated. Courtesies means kindness, you know. Much obliged again.—Elizabeth.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Here we meet for
Health, Happiness and
Good cheer.

TAMPA, FLORIDA

Dear Friends—Being a great admirer of the Weekly Blade, and happening to read Florida Old Man's letter in the Cozy Corner, I thought perhaps a few lines about Florida, especially in the vicinity of Tampa, would interest those northerners who may be affected with the so-called Florida fever. I was affected that way myself. The way I came to get the fever was by riding 15 miles in a street car morning and night, and walking two miles besides, through the snow, facing, most of the time in winter, a northwest wind that nearly took the skin off my face. This happened two winters ago in St. Louis, I vowed then, if I could ever raise the money to come to Florida, I would live and die where the mourners could mourn in comfort and sunshine, when I shuffled off, so here I an in Tampa. I have been thankful every minute since coming to this delightful place, for I go to my work in peace and comfort, while snow, sleet and wintry blasts are freezing the marrow in the bones of St. Louis inhabitants. While they are shoveling in coal at about 25 cents per shovelful, I sit on the porch and read my Blade, and venerate the founders of Tampa for giving me the privilege of living in such a place.

Nor is this all. Being a mechanic, I was fortunate enough to secure a good position on my arrival. It may not seem possible, but my pay here is just twice as much for nine hours as it was in St. Louis for ten.

Wishing to provide for a rainy day while my good fortune lasted, I have invested in 30 acres of land, lying ten miles north of town. Judging from my investigations adjacent to Tampa, and my knowledge of trucking and fruit growing close to St. Louis, this land is ideal for such agriculture, the soil being a deep, black, sandy loam, with many lakes dotting the landscape. These lakes are teeming with fish, so we have the means at hand of watering our crops economically and of hooking all the trout, sunfish and perch we may need for food.

There are many orange groves in a thriving condition close to my land, and great quantities of sweet and Irish potatoes, tomatoes, cabbage and celery, besides guavas, grape fruit, kumquats, avacadoes, pears and other tropical fruits are raised. Chickens, geese and ducks seem to thrive as well here as any place in the north I have seen, so far.

In locating here, I was agreeably surprised by the up-to-date town I had come into, as I was under the impression that Tampa was an old fogy place, so slow as to be tiresome, but let me tell you, there are many northern and eastern people here. I believe, in fact, that they predominate and they infuse that spirit of get-up-and-get that you see in any northern city.

Those who are thinking of locating in Florida, will do well, in my estimation, not to pass Tampa by without a second thought, as the town is growing at a rapid rate, and her citizens are very enterprising. It will be only a question of time until Tampa will be the metropolis of the state. The location is ideal for a healthy, cleanly place, and I want to say, it is the cleanest city I was ever in. Being situated near the gulf, we get a balmy breeze, winter and summer alike. It is neither too hot nor too cold, and the temperature is much more equitable than the stormy east coast.—Thomas Beasley, Tampa, Fla.

A CHRISTMAS LETTER

Dear Blade Readers—As I have never written a Christmas letter to The Blade, I thought I would drop in and have a chat with you. First, I want to tell how much I enjoyed Christmas when I was a child, and before I knew that Santa was not real. I was so anxious for Christmas to come, I almost counted the hours as they passed. My parents did not tell me until I became almost old enough to know better myself, that they were the good old Santa who visited me on Christmas eve, while I was spending a few hours in slumber room, dreaming of the toys, candies, dates and so on that would be awaiting me on Christmas morn. After I grew older and found it was friends and relatives who were Santa, Christmas never had the same ring to me that it had when I was a wee, wee girl and believed positively that Santa was a great old fellow and the children's particular friend.

I think I enjoy the Christmas holidays as much as anyone can, but instead of looking forward to Christmas morning expecting to find a curly headed doll baby peeping out of my stocking in my cozy bedroom, I think of the babe Jesus, lying in the manger in a stable, with his Mother Mary, and of how the heavens rang with praises, as the angels looked down into that lowly place, on the smiling face of the Christ child.

I believe in everyone being as merry and happy as possible on Christmas. Even if you are alone, with none of your family with you to help make cheer, it may be an enjoyable day, if you go about it in the right way. There are children in every town and community, whose parents are too poor to make their little ones happy with gifts on Christmas morning. You grown up people who do not expect a very pleasant day, go to work and do something nice for as many of these children as you can. Forget your own loneliness and instead of sitting around, wearing a long face because no one is making the day pleasant for you, think of what you can do to bring to some the happiest and merriest Christmas of all their lives. In so doing your own soul will feel the glad tidings of great joy, when you see smiling faces, and know that hearts have been gladdened by some kind act of yours.

Wishing everyone a most delightful Christmas, I am, yours sincerely.—Mrs. W. H. Fogleman, Virginia.

If any of you take this hint, please write and tell us what you did to give some one a merry Christmas.—Elizabeth.

SOME POINTERS

By Elizabeth.

It will soon be time to be saying and making "A Happy New Year."

Cancel all your old debts in the way of animosties, quarrels and misunderstandings by forgetting them. Start the New Year by not being "mad" at anyone. It is such a silly habit.

Be a continual fault-finder and kicker if you want to be left alone when you need company the most.

The things which worry us today are likely to be gone tomorrow. Moral: Put off the worries of today until tomorrow, and you will have less trouble.

If you have done anything you are sorry for, forget it, but don't do it again.

Within yourself lies, to a great extent, either the sorrow or joy of living. If you are all right yourself, those with whom your life is entwined are not likely to go far wrong.

If each one does his little to help along the result will be a mighty whole.

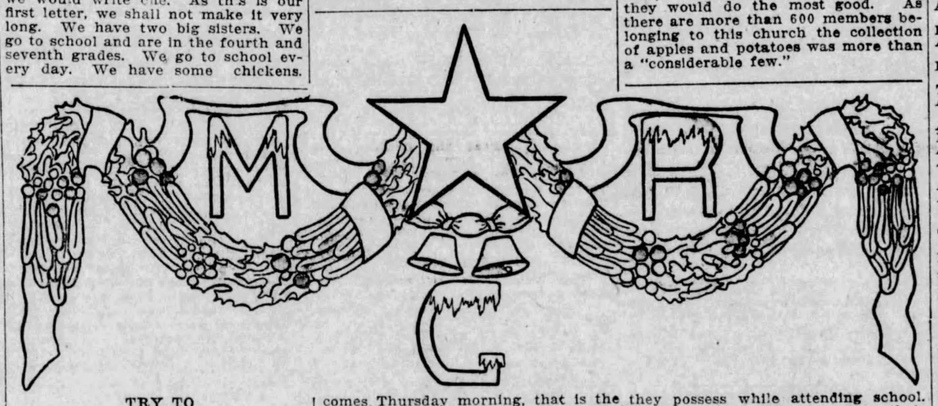
When you think unkindly; speak unkindly; act unkindly, you are making yourself more unhappy than the ones upon whom you visit your unkindness. They can dodge, but you cannot run away from yourself.

What is the use of being envious? It does not get you the things which arouse envy in your heart, or brain, or lungs, or wherever it may be that envy and its kindred spirits are generated.

Reform, like charity, begins at home.

It is well to remember before you begin to criticise others that you are not a little wax angel yourself.

Keep your ear to the ground, the new year is headed this way. Here's wishing you happy days.



TRY TO

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can,
Just as long as you can.
Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

Dear M. G. R.'s—First of all I bid you word of cheerful greeting. May the Christmastide fill your lives with richest gifts of love and happiness. This happiness may be realized if the right spirit of Christmas fills the heart. It is

"Not what we give but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare."

I am growing some of my Christmas presents and tiny buds are just developing on the little plants I am coaxing into bloom for Christmas.

So Buckeye Schoolma'am has been and got married. That is all right, of course, and we wish her all the happiness in the world, but I have been wondering if marriages will account for the long absence of many others of the M. G. R.'s? Lena Rivers, Mistigay, Snowflake, Mylrea, Mother's Stay and ye long absent ones, come and give an account of yourselves. When I get married I believe I will have a merry-go-round wedding and send you all invitations. Elizabeth shall be matron of honor, Scarlet Wing the officiating clergyman, and I shall have at least one hundred M. G. R. bridesmaids, the same number of ushers and flower girls and attendants innumerable. But the wedding is not likely to occur very soon for the groom—well, he hasn't appeared on the stage, as yet.

Do any of the M. G. R.'s study the evening sky maps in The Blade? I enjoy them very much, but during the month of November there have been few clear evenings. Some one has said: "There are 'comet people' and people like 'fixed stars.'" Is it not a fine comparison? We know where to look for Polaris, the Pleiades, or any other of the constellations, our constant friends, but where is the brilliant comet we gazed at a few months since? Like the comet are the fleeting friendships that shine across the pathway of life, then vanish into obscurity. Let us be "fixed stars" in our friendships, true and steadfast.

Bittersweet, I was pleased to know some one enjoyed my little story so much.

Da-dee, my home is in Cayuga county, so we are not very near neighbors. Best wishes to everyone for a happy New Year.—Olive Branch, New York.

Included in this letter were some excellent suggestions for laying out a lawn, written in response to Bert from Missouri's request. The suggestions will be printed later.—Elizabeth.

Dear M. G. R.'s—There, that makes me think of a pleasant, balmy summer evening, with the music from the Merry-Go-Round filling the air.

The wind is blowing, it is snowing and very cold tonight. As I sit here writing, I can hear the wind whistling around the house, making such a mournful, lonely sound, but all is cheerful inside. I have been a silent reader of The Blade for a number of years. I am 20, now, and my father has taken The Blade, ever since I can remember. Dear old paper, how we enjoy reading it, especially the Household Page. When the mail comes Thursday morning, that is the first thing we look for, my sister and I.

We are practicing for a Christmas entertainment now, and enjoy it very much. The final test is not so much enjoyed by us—"children," as they insist on calling us—as the practice.

I must close, as this is my first letter and it is getting too long. I should like to tell you of our entertainment, and perhaps I shall, after Christmas. Wishing you merry holidays, one and all.—Bessie Juday, Indiana.

P. S.—Dear M. G. R.'s, we shall have to hurry, or the cozy corner is going to have the most interesting corner and that must never be. Let us see if we cannot keep up, or ahead. —Bessie.

Dear M. G. R.'s—Being welcomed into your circle once, I take the liberty of coming again. It is not my desire to tax your hospitality, but only to hold sweet converse with you for a short time.

How many of the M. G. R.'s are anticipating a merry Christmas? I sincerely hope that each one may be made happy by some gift, or little act of kindness, that falls to his lot to give or to receive.

Happiness is obtainable in a great variety of ways. Surely, each of us can devise means whereby we may be made happy. It is unpleasant to think of the great number of boys and girls in our own country, who know not the joys of Christmastide.

Like Marjorie Aurelia Page, I am a lover of school and school work. I am a high school junior and it is my intention to fit myself for a teacher.

I think there is no other occupation in which one wields a greater influence. If it be of an uplifting nature a vast amount of good may be accomplished.

Too many boys and girls do not realize the golden opportunities which they possess while attending school. They are inclined to neglect their studies and spend their time in a manner that will be of no benefit to them in after life. The kind of college course to take, depends I think, entirely upon the natural gift of the student. He should follow that vocation in life for which he is best suited, and will be best able to perform. It has been said that our talent is our calling.

Wishing a merry Christmas to all, I will close, and withdraw from our magic circle.—Barnsie from Ohio.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS

Our Christmas M. G. R. head is from a drawing made for us by Mother's Stay.

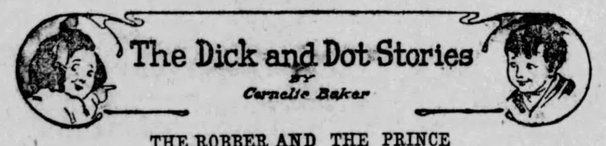
All letters for this page should have Household Editor written somewhere on the envelope.

If the letters you M. G. R.'s have written in the past have not been published, try again. Practice makes perfect, you know.

Have as good a time as you possibly can on Christmas, and help others to have it, too.

The Dick and Dot Stories

By Cornelia Baker



THE ROBBER AND THE PRINCE

I WILL tell you a story that will bring into it a really and truly prince," began the mother of Dick and Dot. "At the time I am going to tell you about the Prince was a very unhappy little boy, and he would have considered himself very lucky had he possessed the toys you received last Christmas morning."

"Didn't he have an automobile that you could wind up, Mother?" asked Dick.

"No, indeed, and he could not have had such a toy in any case, for this was between four and five hundred

years ago when even a carriage was a curiosity."

"Didn't he even have roller skates?" asked Dot.

"That is a silly question," interrupted her brother, "for Grandma says that they didn't have roller skates when she was a child, and Grandma isn't five hundred years old, is she, Mother.

"Of course not, but don't keep interrupting me or you will never hear the story. At the time of which I speak the people of England thought of but little else than fighting, the white rose fought against the red, for the war that was going on was called the War of the Roses. Among the people was a very bad man who did not go with the armies and fight, but who, with his comrades, slipped out at night and robbed travelers along the king's highway.

"One day this robber was walking through the forest alone, and he saw coming toward him a beautiful lady leading a little boy by the hand. The lady was richly clad in velvet and furs, and the boy wore blue velvet, a cap of the same material resting on his golden curs. The robber knew the lady at once, for he had seen her riding her white palfrey through the streets of London, accompanied by the lords and ladies of her court. It was Queen Margaret of Anjou, who in this terrible war had been driven from her palace and her throne. The pretty boy was Prince Edward, whom the people had expected some day to be their king.

"The robber strode forward and demanded that the Queen should give him her valuables, even the very velvets and furs that she and her son were wearing. The poor, pale Queen turned paler yet as she replied, 'Alas, men of your kind already have taken our jewels and gold, as well as our horses. But, friend, here is the son of your rightful king. I will trust him to your care.'

"The robber's heart was won. He took the little Prince in his arms and guarded him and the Queen, until she found her friends again. His Queen had trustedf him and he did not betray her."

HIS HEIRLOOMS

Everybody's for December.

"An heirloom," explained the farmer's wife to her 13-year-old boy, "is something that has been handed down from father to son, and in some instances is greatly prized."

"I'd prize these heirlooms I'm wearing," remarked the youngster, "a good deal more if they wasn't so long in the legs."

Graham Flour Receipts

Graham Drop Cookies—Four cups graham flour, sifted, two cups of sour milk, one cup seeded raisings, two tablespoons molasses, two tablespoons butter, not melted, two tablespoons cinnamon, two teaspoons soda, pinch of salt, one egg.

Beat the egg, sugar and butter together, then add the rest of the ingredients. Drop on greased tins, sprinkle with sugar, and bake. I make these cookies with wheat flour, also, but use about three tablespoons of butter and more flour than when using graham. This will make about fifty very good cookies.—A Happy Wife, Pennsylvania.

Buttermilk Graham Bread—Three cups graham flour, one cup white flour, two tablespoons sugar, two teaspoons salt, two teaspoons soda and one and a half cups buttermilk. Mix the dry ingredients, then add milk, mixing them all into a smooth dough. Make into three loaves and bake in a moderate oven for 40 minutes.

Graham Pudding—One cup molasses, one cup milk, one teaspoon soda, graham flour to make a stiff batter, add raisins to taste. Mix and steam two hours and a half. Serve with rich cream and powdered sugar.

MARY CASSIDY'S PARTY

ELIZABETH AYRES

TO a knock at me back door, "You may enter," says I, wid formality, though well knowing it was me friend, Mary Cassidy. Hadn't I saw her come out of her back door and scud across the bit of yard betwixt her house an' mine? Our back doors are facing, the wan to the other, an' both is as alike as two peas in a pod when the peas do be matchin'.

Says I, wid formality, when there come a knock on me door, "You may enter." Wid that, in walks Mary Cassidy, as I well knew she would be doin'. For why she come wid such politeness was more than I could be tellin', but Mary Cassidy has the elegant manners when she wants to practice the same.

"'Tis a fine mornin'," says I.

"It is," says she. Wid that she helps herself to a chair an' sets down in it, for which chairs is intended, though occasional I've seen 'em used violent when a man was wantin' to show off his aut'ority.

There sat Mary Cassidy, holdin' her head sidewise an' smoothin' her apron wid her two hands, never speakin' a word till she got good an' ready. I knew 'twas something extry that had brought her over wid her fine show of formality. Says I to meself: "Let her take her own time, Ann Donovan. I've as much time as she has, an' we both have as muh time as there is."

"Ann Donovan," says she, when she'd got good an' ready, "I'm thinkin' of giving a party. I'm thinkin' real serious of wan."

"Are you?" says I.

"I am," says she.

"What kind?" says I. "Is it a wake."

"No," says she. "It's a party for us ladies living nearby. I have me social duties to perform. If you don't invite, you can't get invited. So it's a party I do be givin' tomorrow afternoon at half-past three," says she, speakin' lofty ,an' me knowin' 'twas rare wid her when she could keep two nickels long enough to rub 'em together.

"It's not me that'll stop you, Mary Cassidy," says I, though I'm thinkin' 'tis foolish you do be actin'. For why should you be givin' and takin' invitations to parties when you've got nothin' to spare from them as is your own?"

"It's a little pleasure I must be havin' occasional, Ann Donovan," says she, wid dignity. "I have me social duties to perform," she says, wanct again, like a proud parrot.

'Twas me that shut up. For all of her nonsensical ways, Mary Cassidy is a worthy woman, an' it's not for me to be callin' her down.

"Ann Donovan," says she, speakin' wheedlin', "I'd do anything in the world for you, an' you know it."

"I do, Mary Cassidy," says I. "What do you want to borry?"

"I'll be needin' some extry chairs an' a few dishes. Them lace curtains of yours is elegant, an' I won't hurt 'em none. It's your teapot I'd like the loan of, an' I wouldn't go past that fine geranium that's bloomin' in your window. You've a grand hand for flowers, Ann Donovan," says she, wid flattery.

"Take the roof offen my house, if you want it, Mary Cassidy," I says.

"Anything you see is yours for the askin'. I've a fine, red plush album, as you very well know, bein' wid me when I made me last payment on it. Do you be wantin' that?"

"'Twould give a rich look to me party," says Mary. "I wouldn't refuse if you was to offer the loan of it for a decoration."

"'Tis yours for the takin'," says I, o' lady friends.

At that, Mary Cassidy went and dove under me bed for the box I keep the plush album in, and off she walked wid it tucked away under her arm.

The things Mary Cassidy borrowed offen me was most everything I had in me house, exceptin' me kitchen stove. She'd a new wan of her own, so she didn't need it, but she borrowed me polish to give it a party shine, as she used most all there was of it.

'Twas most time for Mary Cassidy's party, when she come hustlin' back. "Ann Donovan," says she, "I'd do anything in the world for you, an' you know it."

"I do, Mary Cassidy," says I. "What do you be wantin', now?"

"Will you look after me children whilst me party is going on? Sure there'll not be room in me house for the party if the children is there."

"What would I be doin' at home wid your children while you're having a party? Tell me that, Mary Cassidy," says I, almost losing me breath at her audacity.

"'Tis a sign of true friendship when a lady can give a party without askin' her best lady friend, an' be lady friend don't get mad on account of havin' no invitation. I'm thinkin' you're a friend like that, Ann Donovan," says she, explainin'.

"Are you?" says I.

"I am," says she. Wid that, she borry me last drawing of tea and went home to her party.

Did I get mad at Mary Cassidy? I did not. When her children come over I shut 'em up in me house wid those of me own, an' locked the door on 'em. Sure, there was nothin' left for them to harm. I went to Mary Cassidy's party just to show her I had no hard feelin's on account of having no invitation to come, an' we had a elegant time.

Me and Mary Cassidy is that kind o' lady friends.

AWFUL BURNING ITCH CURED IN A DAY

"In the middle of the night of March 3rd I woke up with a burning itch in the two hands and I felt as if I could tear them apart. In the morning the burning had got to my chest and during the day it spread all over my body. I was red and raw from the top of my head to the soles of my feet and I was in continual agony from the itching. I could neither lie down nor sit up. I happened to see about Cuticura Remedies and I thought I would give them a trial. I took a good bath with the Cuticura Soap and used the Cuticura Ointment. I put it on from my head down to my feet and then went to bed. On the first of April I felt like a new man. The itching was almost gone. I continued with the Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment and during that day the itching completely left me. Frank Gridley, 251 East 43rd Street, New York City, Apr. 25, 1909." Cuticura Remedies sold throughout the world; Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

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CROP VALUE IS LESS THAN 1909

Washington, Dec. 15.—Final estimates of the important farm crops of the country for 1910 announced today by the crop reporting board of the department of agriculture are as follows:

Corn, 3,125,713,000 bushels of weight, from 114,002,000 acres; total farm value $1,522,968,000, or 48.8 cents per bushel. Winter wheat 464,444,000 bushels of weight, from 29,427,000 acres; total farm value $413,575,000; or 89.1 cents per bushel.

Spring wheat 231,399,000 bushels of weight from 19,778,000 acres; total farm value, $207,848,000, or 89.8 cents per bushel.

All wheat 695,448,000 bushels of weight, from 49,205,000 acres; total farm value $621,443,000, or 89.4 cents per bushel.

Oats 1,126,765,000 bushels of weight, from 35,288,000 acres; total farm value $384,716,000 or 34.1 cents per bushel.

Rice, 24,510,000 bushels of weight, equivalent to 5,930,000 bags of 186 pounds, from 722,800 acres; total farm value, $16,624,000, or 67.8 cents per bushel.

Flaxseed, 14,116,000 bushels in weight, from 2,916,000 acres; total farm value, $22,564,000 or 2.306 cents per bushel.

Barley, 162,227,000 bushels of weight, from 7,247,000 acres; total farm value, $93,795,000 or 57.8 cents per bushel.

Rye 33,039,000 bushels in weight from 2,028,000 acres; total farm value $33,840,000, or 72.2 cents per bushel.

Buckwheat 17,239,000 bushels in weight, from 826,000 acres; total farm value $11,321,000, or 65.7 cents per bushel.

Potatoes 338,811,000 bushels in weight from 3,591,000 acres; total farm value $187,985,000, or 55.5 cents per bushel.

Hay, 60,978,000 tons from 45,691,000 acres; total farm value, $747,769,000 or $12.26 per ton. The total value of crops above specified on December 1 was $3,735,464,000 against $3,971,426,000 on December 1 last year. The average of prices was about 8.5 per cent lower on December 1 this year than last year.

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COUNTRY AT MERCY OF THE ENEMY

Secretary Dickinson Shows Up Army as Pitiably Weak in Sensational Report Which Was Suppressed---Charges Startling.

Chicago, Dec. 16.—That the United States is almost wholly unprepared for national defense is the conclusion of the suppressed report of Secretary of War Dickinson, according to the text of the report printed today by the Chicago Tribune in a Washington dispatch.

Before the inadequate forces available could be assembled for coast defense, the report says, a foreign power of the first class could attack the United States with 100,000 men at any point on either coast.

The report declares inadequate and fraught with the gravest perils the policy of basing the national defense in a small regular army, augmented first by the militia and then by volunteers.

The regular army is characterized as inadequate, the militia inefficient, both illy equipped, lacking in the things hardest to get, and not in positions to be brought into operation within the time necessary.

Can't Meet Foreign Power.

"In my opinion this country cannot, so far as its land forces are concerned, be considered in a state of readiness for defense or to repel invasion if attempted on our coasts by any first class power having the shipping, transports and navy to protect the transit of her armed forces over the sea," the report says.

Contents of the report, becoming known in Washington, have divided the national officials into two factions, the Tribune dispatch says. One urges and the other opposes the creation of a great military establishment.

As the result of a conference at the White House yesterday afternoon a previous determination to keep silent on the subject is said to have been reconsidered, and the secretary of war is to prepare a third report in response to the McLachlan resolution, omitting much of the data which led to the decision not to transmit the original report to congress.

Not only, declares the war secretary, is the army of the United States deficient in numbers, but it lacks proper proportions of all arms; it lacks reserve field guns, ammunition and supplies necessary to its operation in the field and it is so widely separated as to render impossible "that rapid concentration for war purposes which is essential in modern military operations."

The same glaring deficiencies are pointed out in the state militia. And in addition, Secretary Dickinson declares that the personnel of the militia is deficient in training.

In a summary of the needs of the country, the secretary says:

We need 450,000 mobile troops.

We have available 114,500 mobile troops.

We are deficient in 335,000 mobile troops.

We have need to man our Pacific coast defenses 10,265 coast artillery troops.

We need to man our Pacific coast defenses 10,265 coast artillery troops.

We have available 20,400 coast artillery troops.

We are deficient in 19,149 coast artillery troops.

No Policy for Defense.

"In conclusion," says Secretary Dickinson, "I invite attention to the fact that no well defined policy as to the development of the military sources of the country in relation to the mobile army exists as far as I can ascertain.

"In order that the deficiencies in our national defense may be corrected and the safety of the nation assured it is suggested that there be established by the congress a permanent Council of National Defense to be composed of members of the legislative and executive branches of the government upon whom joint responsibility in this matter rests, to determine a general policy of national defense and to recommend to the congress and to the President from time to time such measures relating to the national defense as it shall deem necessary and expedient."

To prevent a lodgment by an expeditionary force on either the Atlantic and gulf or Pacific coast, the secretary says, a force of officers and men is needed, fully equipped for the field, organized into the highest tactical units, and ready for field operations within 10 to 20 days on the Atlantic and gulf coast and from 15 to 20 days on the Pacific coast. In respect to the Pacific coast, he declares, they should be held in strategic position.

The total authorized strength of the regular army is 90,700 officers and men, of which, the secretary figures, 64,000 combatant officers and men would be available. Of these 32,000 are in the United States, 14,500 in the insular possessions, and 16,200 in the coast artillery.

Of the militia strength of 119,660 the report says that but 86,200 officers and men, scattered through 49 states and territories, can be counted upon as combatants.

Enemy Has Choice.

The enemy, the report points out, would have the liberty of choosing the points of attack upon the 3,000 miles of Atlantic and gulf coast and the 1,500 miles of Pacific coast, exclusive of Alaska, keeping the United States in ignorance of the point of attack, and make his lodgment by attacking the coast defenses from the front, by landing out of range of the coast defense guns and attacking the combinations from the rear, or by a combination of both methods.

A first-class power could send to our Atlantic coast an expedition of 100,000 men in from 10 to 18 days, the report says, while it would require from 20 to 30 days to assemble the Atlantic or Pacific coast defense already available. A like expedition could be brought against the Pacific coast in 16 to 20 days.

Of the 114,500 mobile troops, regular and militia, available throughout the United States, the report says:

Force Illy Equipped.

"This force has not the proper proportion of infantry, cavalry, field artillery, engineers, signal corps and sanitary troops; it is not fully equipped for field service; is, with the exception of parts of the militia, entirely lacking in organization into the higher tactical units, brigades and divisions.

"It is lacking in many essentials of supply for operations in the field. It could not be assembled in proper position ready for field operations in a less period than 30 days, and there being no reserves of trained men, either in the regular army or the militia, it could not be augmented except by the slow process of voluntary enlistments or conscription.

The seacoast defenses already established on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts require for the effective operation against attack a minimum force of 39,549 officers and men of the seacoast artillery. For a like defense on the Pacific coast 10,265 officers and men are required. To meet this service there are available throughout the United States, but 16,200 regular coast artillery and 4,200 militia coast artillery are ready to be assembled in from 20 to 30 days.

Faults of Established Service.

In detailed criticism of the regular and militia branches of the army service the report says:

"So far as regards the regular army, this force is deficient in numbers and defective in the following respects:

"(a) It lacks proper proportions of all arms and certain staff corps.

"(b) It lacks reserves of field guns, ammunition and supplies necessary to its operation in the field, which cannot be readily procured when war breaks out.

"(c) It is so widely scattered throughout the country and its possessions as to render impossible that rapid concentration for war purposes which is essential in modern military operation.

"(d) It is not organized into those higher units, brigades and divisions, which are essential for purposes of war, and which cannot be created with the necessary promptitude when war is imminent or has been declared.

Deficiencies of Militia.

"The unorganized militia is deficient in numbers in all arms, and defective in the following respects:

"(a It is lacking in proper proportions of cavalry, field artillery, engineer, signal corps and sanitary troops.

"(b) It is not fully or properly organized into the higher units, brigades and divisions.

"(c) It has no reserve supply of arms and field equipment to raise its units from a peace to a war footing.

"(d) It is so widely scattered throughout the country as to make its prompt concentration impossible.

"(e) Its personnel is deficient in training.

"(f) It is to a degree deficient in physical stamina and has upon its rolls a large number of men who by reason of their family relations and business responsibilities cannot be counted upon for service during any lengthy period of war.

Needs Force of 450,000.

"As regards the third question of the resolution, in reference to the additional forces, armaments, and equipments necessary to afford reasonable guaranty against successful invasions of the United States in time of war, the report continues, I have the honor to state that, after giving due consideration to the state of preparedness of those great military nations with which we might possibly become involved in conflict, and the promptitude with which such nations can and do prosecute war, it is my opinion that the United States should have available at all times a trained mobile force of regulars and organized militia approximating in strength 450,000 officers and men.

"This force should consist of active troops undergoing training and a reserve of trained officers and men obligated and ready to join the colors when war is imminent or has been declared. It should, like the armies of all military nations, be organized at all times into brigades and divisions; should have such a peace strength and composition as will permit of its mobilization at war strength in the most prompt and efficient manner; should be composed of the proper proportion of all arms of the mobile service—cavalry, field artillery, infantry, engineers, signal corps and sanitary troops—and should be served by an adequate and well trained staff.

Supplies Should Be Ready.

"The seacoast armament should be augmented where necessary; should be equipped with the necessary appliances for its operation, and provided with an ample supply of ammunition.

"An absolute essential to the effective use of any army we may have is the acquisition and assembly in proper localities of at least so much of the necessary armament, equipment and supplies of that army as cannot be procured in the open markets of the country during the brief period which, under modern conditions of warfare, will be available for the assembly of the army and its concentration at points where its service may be needed.

"However patriotic our citizens may be, and however rapidly they may offer to enlist in the army, the government cannot avail itself of their service unless it has on hand or can rapidly procure the equipment necessary to put them in the field prepared for field operations.

"In preparing this report care has been taken to make all statements conservative. This is especially true of the estimate of 450,000 trained mobile troops for our first line, for the inevitable losses incident to camp diseases and disabilities, always present among nw troops, would reduce this force to 400,000 or less within a short time after its beinf assembled. A more suitable estimate for the first line is 600,000 men. This, of course, increases the shortage of equipment, arms, etc., already pointed out.

Almost Wholly Unprepared.

"It is apparent, after considering this paper, which is based upon a most careful analysis of the existing situation, that we are almost wholly unprepared for war; that, outside of a reserve of small arms and small arms ammunition, we have not equipment adequate to meet the needs of the present regular army and organized militia at war strength, and, consequently, nothing to equip other troops; that the things which we most need are those which will take longest to supply, especially field artillery guns and ammunition.

Points Out Remedy.

"The remedy is self-evident. We must determine what we consider to be the proper force necessary for our first line in case of war with any of the great powers having possible sea control, and make preparation for its enrollment, equipment and supply.

"The country must be divided into suitable military districts or departments and provisional divisions organized, the deficiencies in the troops of the different arms noted, and preparations made to supply them promptly in case of war.

"Depots of supplies must be established and the supplies, other than subsistence, necesary for a period of at least six months for the troops in the district covered by the depot assembled and packed in such a way as to permit of their prompt distribution, and all other arrangements must be made to insure the speedy mobilization of our entire first line."

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.

Yes, elegant free homesteads can still be had in Mexico where many Americans are now locating. You need not go to Mexico, but are required to have five acres of fruit trees planted within five years. For information address the Jantha Plantation Co., Block 594, Pittsburg, Pa. They will plant and care for your trees on shares, so you should make a thousand dollars a year. It is never hot, never cold. The health conditions are perfect.

Kokomo Girls in Club to Seek for Hubbies

Mitchell, S. D., Dec. 15.—A number of young women living at Kokomo, Ind., have organized a society for the purpose of seeking husbands and the secretary of the club is corresponding with young bachelors of the northwest with a view to matrimony.

The girls are ready to perform their part of the contract and are willing to darn socks, get the meals and make a first class helpmate in the household.

The following appeal was received here by the mayor of the city:

Kokomo, Ind., Dec. 6, 1910—Dear Sir: This may appear to you to be a strange appeal, but we Hoosier girls are told that in the great northwest there are many bachelors who would not be bachelors if they could find some girl who would darn their socks, sew on their buttons, cook their meals, take a half interest in their joys and sorrows, and assist in making a happy home for them. Now we know of several splendid young Hoosier girls who are accomplished in that line and would be willing to undertake that pleasant task for some tall, honest, honorable bachelors of good character and prospects, if we could only find the bachelors. Now, our appeal is this:

"You, in your position, perhaps, know of some bashful, lonesome souls of the above description who would like to write to us Hoosier girls. If so, will you kindly make this information public and both he and we will rise up and call you blessed. Address, Miss R. E. E., lock box 305, Kokomo, Ind."

TAKE BULLET FROM BRAIN

Columbus, Dec. 20.—A bullet was removed from the brain of Henry G. Fravel, of Akron, by Dr. S. W. Clark, chief physician at the penitentiary, yesterday. Fravel, who was convicted of murder in the first degree with a recommendation of mercy and was received at the penitentiary last week, attempted to commit suicide several times during his trial, once by shooting. The ullet penetrated the skull, lodging in the brain.

An Up-to-Date Santa Claus

GREAT ARMY IS NOT TAFT'S PLAN

Doesn't Share Dickinson's View of Immediate Danger From Enemy.

SAYS ARMOR MAKERS ARE BACKING SCARE.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 17.—That war scares are largely inspired by "armament contractors, who would drag various countries into the bankruptcy court" was charged by Francis W. Hirst, editor of the London Economist, in an address before the international conference of the American Society for Judicial Settlement of International Disputes, last night.

He characterized as absurd the purchase of dreadnoughts by Brazil "to protect itself against Argentina," and declared the rivalry between Japan and the United States was crushing the people of Japan under a load of taxes, while armament expenditures also were wrecking the finances of Great Britain and Germany.

Washington, Dec. 17.—The President yesterday declared that the discussion stirred up over the report of Secretary Dickinson that the United States was unprepared for war was "just a tempest in a teapot."

Secretary of War Dickinson today sent to the house a letter in reply to the McLachlan resolution concerning the adequacy of national defense. The letter discusses the situation briefly, but the secret report recently submitted to the house and withdrawn will not be resubmitted.

President Taft does not view the situation as alarming now. He believes the country should have more soldiers, especially officers, but he is not of the opinion of the secretary of war and Gen. Wood that there is an immediate demand for a great national reserve.

The secretary of war is convinced that the country today needs just what his confidential report recommended. Army officers agree with him. Many of them point out that in the past the President has held the same opinion.

The following, from President Taft's pen, written when he was secretary of war in 1907, was unearthed by officers of the war department as evidence that the President realizes conditions as they exist.

"We cannot and should not maintain a large regular army, but for a nation of 80,000,000 or more people, or counting in the people who live in our dependencies, nearly 90,000,000 of people, a regular army of 100,000 men is a small force. In addition to the regular force army there should be a provision for an efficient reserve of national volunteers, and such a plan for co-operation of the militia forces of the states with the federal government and its military establishment as to make that force able to repel invasion and constitute an efficient part of our national defense."

"Confidential" Was Mistake.

Secretary Dickinson admits that there had been a mistake in sending a report to the house marked as "confidential." He said the mistake was his own, but that one mistake did not change his views on the subject one iota.

Said Representative Humphries, of Washington, yesterday: "Japanese warships and transports bearing an army of 100,000 men would not have the slightest difficulty in passing through the straits of Juan De Fuca, going up to Bellingham, a city of 25,000, and landing direct upon the wharves there, the water being deep enough for any war vessel in the world. They would not pass within 17 miles of an American cannon.

"Landing at Bellingham, they might take possession of the northern transcontinental railroads and have the whole Pacific coast at their mercy. The country would supply them with subsistence and forage. These conditions should be remedied by torpedo boats and fortifications. The Pacific coast could be made comparatively safe by the exepnditure of less than half the cost of a modern battleship."

JAPANESE DIET CONVENES

Tokio, Dec. 20.—The Japanese imperial diet convened today and was opened with the customary formalities. Discussion and action on matters pertaining to the tariff, finance and questions of colonial policy combine to give promise of a session of extraordinary interest and importance.

WEEK IN CONGRESS

Monday, Dec. 12.—Senate—The nomination of Associate Justice Edward Douglas White, of Louisiana, to be chief justice of the United States supreme court, was confirmed without reference to committee. Other nominations were received to fill two vacancies in the supreme court bench and two on the interstate commerce commission, together with the names of the justices who will compose the new court of commerce. The omnibus claims bill, carrying more than $2,000,000, was reported and taken up.

House—The house, after a long debate, passed an inheritance tax bill for the District of Columbia. It provides that all collateral inheritances amounting to more than $5,000 shall be taxed 5 per cent, while direct inheritance up to $10,000 shall be exempt; those from $10,000 to $50,000 shall be taxed 1 per cent; those from $50,000 to $200,000 2½ per cent, and those above $200,000 5 per cent. The pension appropriation bill, carrying $153,688,000, was ordered reported by the appropriations committee.

Tuesday, Dec. 13.—Senate—Discussion of the tariff precipitated a lively debate, in which Senators Cummins, Aldrich, Beveridge and Hale took part. It was occasioned by Senator Cummins speaking to his recolution to amend the rules of the senate and house so as to permit revision of the tariff schedule by schedule. On motion of Senator Hale the resolution finally was tabled. The senate confirmed a long list of recess appointments.

House—The pension appropriation bill, carrying $153,614,000, was passed.

Wednesday, Dec. 14.—Senate—Virtually the entire time was taken up by Senator Bristow, of Kansas, whose opposition to the French spoliation claims included in the omnibus claims bill prevented the passage of that measure.

House—A renewal of the bitter fight on the rules was threatened when opposition developed to the taking up of the bill for the codification and revision of the laws relating to the judiciary. Speaker Cannon declined to decide whether the house could take up a measure from the calendar which it had up for consideration on the previous calendar Wednesday. Accordingly the house voted and by 146 to 51 decided to take up the bill. Its consideration was not finished.

Thursday, Dec. 15. — Senate — Senator Young, of Iowa, made his maiden speech in the senate today. He opposed the change in the rules of the two branches of congress, introduced by his colleague, Mr. Cummins, and argued in favor of leaving the tariff alone for awhile. He said that he was afraid that another revision, particularly one in which the right of weighing one interest against another, would be harmful to the great agricultural interests. The nomination of Judges Ven DeVanter and Lamar for associate justices of the supreme court were confirmed, and several hours were devoted to the consideration of the omnibus claims bill. The senate adjourned out of respect to the late Representative Joel Cook, of Pennsylvania.

House—The house was in session only a few minutes and adjourned out of respect to Representative Cook.

Friday, Dec. 16.—Senate—With the exception of an hour spent in transacting morning business, the senate gave its attention today solely to the omnibus claims bill. On the third day of his speech seeking the elimination from the measure of the $842,000 item for the payment of the century old French spoliation claims, Senator Bristow met defeat by a tie vote, 27 to 27. He immediately moved to recommit the entire measure and this was under discussion when the senate adjourned.

House—The house spent the day in considering the legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill, which carries $35,326,219. It was still being debated at adjournment. The urgent deficiency bill, carrying $850,000, was reported shortly after the house convened.

40 WED DESPITE RULES

Benton Harbor, Mich., Dec. 19.—Shattering an edict that recognized neither marriage nor love, 40 members of the Israelite colony located here, were married at the sect's headquarters Saturday night by a local justice of the peace. Thirteen couples were wedded in one party and seven in another.

According to the justice, the prospective brides and grooms grouped themselves in a semi-circle about a specially erected altar. The brides were attired in flowing robes of white silk and satin, and the grooms with flowing hair and long beards, which is an Israelite custom, were clothed in ordinary garments. Each man stood behind his bride, as the orchestra struck up an airy refrain, and at the conclusion the justice passed down the line, uniting one couple after another.

The edicts of the sect teach immortality of the physical body and do not recognize marriage or the mingling of sexes, and the heads of the colony explain the wholesale marriages by declaring this is the "fiftieth year of creation," and is known as "jubilee year," which the colony decided to celebrate with a "wedding jubilee."

But another explanation is that the 20 couples became betrother, grew bold and rebelled against the forbidden marriage law, and even hinted at leaving the colony, and after a conference of the leaders permission was given the enamored swains and their sweethearts to wed.

THE MARKETS

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, Dec. 20.—Wheat surprised the trade at the opening by displaying quite a burst of activity, which, while not productive of a great change in price, was rather unusual for a holiday week. It is a general impression that at least two big Chicago houses well supplied with wheat are anxious to see the market in a position that will enable them to unload without any distressing results. With Liverpool cables comparatively steady and the European visible supply showing a decrease, long interests found it not difficult to drive shorts to cover and bring about an advance ranging from ¼c to ⅜c. Toledo cash and December opened unchanged at 95¾c; May ⅛c up at 89½c, and July ⅛c advanced at 95¼c. Cash and the near month advanced ¼c and the two more remote futures a similar amount in the first half hour.

The firm undertone of early in the session continued and the course was upward throughout the later hours. Cash and Dec. closed ⅜c up at 95½c, May ⅝c higher at $1.00, and July ⅜c up at 95¾c.

After opening a trifle easier, corn braced up early in the session and by 10 a. m. most of the lost ground had been recovered. Toledo December started unchanged at 47½c; May ¼c down at 49¼c, and July ⅛c off at 50¼c.

Save on an advance of ⅛c in the two remote months, corn closes were the same as yesterday's.

Oats was steady up till midday, with December at 35c; May at 37c, and July at 36⅜c on the call.

Final oats prices were: Cash 35c, May 37⅛c, July 36½c.

Clover seed values were identical with the previous close at the outset and most of the morning. Initial prices were: Cash, December and January, $9.12½; March, $9.10; April, $8.90, and October at $7.75.

Receipts were 166 bags against 320 a year ago and shipments were 200 bags, none having been shipped a year ago. The market advanced late in the session. Cash, Dec. January, February and March at $9.15, April at $8.80 and October at $7.75.

TOLEDO.

				Close	
Wheat—	Open.	High.	Low.	Dec.20.	Dec.19.
Cash	95¾	....	....	96½	95¾
Dec.	95¾	....	....	96½	95¾
May	99½	....	....	1.00	99¾
July	95⅞	....	....	95¾	95
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	47⅛	47⅛
Dec.	47½	....	....	47½	47½
May	49¼	49½	....	49¾	49¼
July	50¼	50⅝	....	50½	50⅜
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	35	35
Dec.	35	....	....	35	35
May	37	....	....	37½	37
July	36⅜	....	....	36½	36⅜
Clover Seed—					
Cash	9.12½	....	....	9.15	9.12½
Jan.	9.12½	....	....	9.15	9.12½
Feb	9.12½	....	....	9.15	9.12½
March ..	9.10	....	....	9.15	9.10
April	8.95	....	....	8.90	8.95
Oct.	7.75	....	....	7.75	7.75
Rye—					
No. 2....	....	....	....	88	88
No. 3....	....	....	....	80	80
Timothy—					
Prime....	....	....	....	4.65	4.65
Dec....	....	....	....	4.65	4.65
Alsike—					
Prime....	....	....	....	9.25	9.25
Dec....	....	....	....	9.25	9.25

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
Dec.	91	91⅞	....	91⅜	90¾
May	95⅝	96¼	....	96¼	95⅝
July	93	93¾	....	93¾	92⅞
Corn—					
Dec.	45⅜	45⅞	....	45⅛	45¼
May	47⅛	47⅝	....	47⅝	47⅛
July	48	48½	....	48⅛	47⅞
Sept.	....	....	....	....	48⅝
May	....	....	....	....	47⅝
Oats—					
Dec.	31¾	31¾	....	31¼	31¼
May	33⅝	34⅛	....	34	33⅞
July	33¼	34	....	33⅝	33⅝

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
Dec.	....	....	....	97⅛	96¾
May	1.01⅛	....	....	1.02⅛	1.01⅞

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
May	96⅝	97⅝	....	97⅛	96⅝
Dec.	....	....	....	94⅞	94⅛

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
Dec.	....	....	....	1.01⅝	1.00⅛
May	....	....	....	1.03⅛	1.02⅛

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
Dec.	....	....	....	1.01⅝	1.00⅛
May	....	....	....	1.03⅛	1.04⅞

WINNIPEG.

Wheat—					
Dec.	....	....	....	90⅝	89⅝
May	....	....	....	94⅝	93⅝

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
Jan.	19.50	19.77	....	19.62	19.45
May	18.15	18.47	....	18.37	18.15
Lard—					
Jan.	10.42	....	....	10.57	10.40
May	10.10	10.22	....	10.17	10.07
Ribs—					
Jan.	10.27	....	....	10.47	10.27
May	9.63	....	....	9.75	9.62

New York Stocks.

New York, Dec. 20, 1910.

Stocks.	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.
Atl. Coast Line	116	116	116	116
Am. Loco. com.	37⅛	37⅛	36⅞	36⅞
Atchison	101⅞	101⅞	101¼	101¼
Am. Car and Fd. Co.	51¼	51¼	51	51
Amal. Copper	64⅛	64⅝	64⅛	64⅜
Am. Smelters	74⅝	75	74⅞	74⅝
Am. Ag. Chem. Com.	46¼	46¼	46¼	46¼
Am. Tel. and Tel.	142¾	142¾	142¾	142¾
Am. Tobacco pfd.	94	94¼	93¾	93¾
Am. Cotton Oil	60	60	59¾	59¾
Am. Beet Sugar	42	42	41¼	41¼
Balt. and Ohio	106¾	106¾	106¼	106¼
Blgn. R. Trans.	76	76	75¾	75¾
Can. I. Pipe com.	16¼	16¼	16¼	16¼
Chicago and G. W.	22½	22½	22¼	22¼
Canadian Pac.	194⅜	195	194¾	194¾
Clover Leaf	23⅝	23⅝	23½	23½
Clover Leaf pfd.	52½	52¾	52¼	52¼
Colorado Fuel	32	32	31⅞	31⅞
Ches. and Ohio	81⅜	81⅜	81	81⅛
Central Leather	32⅜	32⅝	32¼	32¼
Consolidated Gas	134	134⅜	133½	133½
Can. pfd.	77	77	77	77
Corn Product com.	15½	15⅝	15¼	15⅝
Del. & Hudson	164	164½	164	164½
Distillers Sec.	34¼	34	34	34
Erie com.	28¼	28¾	28¼	28¼
Erie 1st pfd.	46⅝	47¼	46¼	47
Gt. Northern pfd.	124⅝	124⅝	123¼	123¼
Gt. Northern Ore.	57½	58	57½	58
Interborough com.	20¼	20⅝	20¼	20⅝
Interborough pfd.	55⅜	56¼	55⅜	55⅝
Louis. & Nash.	144½	144½	144½	144½
Laclede Gas.	105¼	105¼	105¼	105¼
Missouri Pacific.	47¼	47¼	47¼	47¼
N. Y. C.	131⅜	131⅜	131	131⅛
M. K. & T. com.	32	32½	32	32¼
Nor. Pacific.	116¼	116¾	116	116¼
Nat'l Lead.	56	57¼	56	56¾
Nevada Con's.	18¾	18¾	18¾	18¾
Northwestern	142½	142½	142½	142½
N. Y. Central	113¾	113¾	112¾	112¾
N. & W. com.	100⅞	101	100¾	100¾
N. & W. Con. 4s	101⅝	101⅝	101¼	101¼
Pr. Steel Car Co. com	31	31	31	31
Penn. Ry.	129⅝	129¾	129¼	129¼
Pacific Mail	29	29	29	29
People's Gas Co.	105¾	105¾	105¾	105¾
Reading com.	150⅛	151⅜	150¼	150¾
Rock Island	30½	30⅝	30	30
Rock Island pfd.	61	67	60	60
Rep. I. & S. Co.	31	31¼	31	31¼
Rep. pfd.	93¾	93¾	93½	93½
Penn. Ry.	129⅝	129¾	129¼	129¼
South. Ry. pfd.	63⅜	63⅞	62¾	62¾
St. Paul	123¾	123¾	123¾	123¾
South. Pacific	115¾	116⅜	115¾	116⅛
St. L. Pac. Con. 4's	97⅜	97⅜	97⅜	97⅜
Tol. St. L. & W.	8	8	8	8
Texas Pacific	26¼	26¼	26¼	26¼
Tenn. Copper	35¼	35¼	35¼	35¼
Union Pacific	171¾	171¾	170¾	171
Union Pac. pfd.	92¼	92¼	92	92
Un. Pac. Con. 4's	104	104	104	104
U. S. Steel	73¾	73¾	72¾	73¼
U. S. Steel pfd.	116⅞	116⅞	116⅞	116⅞
U. S. Steel 5's	104	104	103¾	104
U. S. Rubber com.	34¼	34¼	34	34
Utah Copper	45¾	45¾	45¼	45¼
Virginia Chem.	62¾	62¾	62¼	62¼
Western Md.	48¼	48¼	48¼	48¼
Wabash com.	16¾	16¾	16¾	16¾
Wabash pfd.	35	35	34¾	34¾
Western Union	74¾	74¾	74	74

Money and Stocks.

New York, Dec. 20.—(Wall Street)—Irregularity of prices was the feature of the opening of the stock market today. Brooklyn Transit and National Lead advan

POSTAL SAVINGS ALL OVER WORLD

United States Practically Last of Civilized Nations to Adopt It.

The United States has been the last nation of importance to establish postal savings banks. Practically every other nation has them in successful operation now.

One of the latest publications of the National Monetary commission entitled "Notes on the postal savings bank systems of the leading countries," shows the growth and development of postal savings banks in every quarter of the earth, from the beginning in the United Kingdom in 1861 to the present time, when the system has been extended not only through the continent of Europe, but to the colonies, even in Tasmania, the federated Malay states, and southern Nigeria.

While the United States is this year preparing for a beginning with 44 banks, the far-away gold coast of Africa has $100,000 in deposits; Tunis has more than $1,000,000; the Dutch East Indies have $2,000,000; Formosa, under Japanese rule, has nearly $1,000,000, and Egypt has nearly $2,000,000.

8,000,000 Depositors in Japan.

In continental Europe and in greater nations the system is much more extensive. In France there are more than 5,000,000 depositors, with average deposits of $56. Italy has 5,000,000 also, with an average deposit of $55. Belgium has 2,000,000, with an average of $63, and Russia has 1,700,000, with an average of $72. Japan, which pays the highest interest of all, has 8,000,000 depositors, with deposits of $46,000,000, but the average deposit is lowest of all, only about $5.

The United Kingdom was the pioneer, having established her system in 1861. This postal savings bank system has grown steadily, until in 1908 there were over 11,000,000 depositors, with deposits of $761,794,523. For the whole period from 1861 to 1908 "the actual surplus profits covered into the treasury amount to $11,142,425." However, since 1902 there has been an annual average deficit of about $50,000, the cause for this found in the reduction of interest from 2¾ to 2½ per cent on British consols, in which the funds are chiefly invested.

Rate in Canada Is 3 Per Cent.

Canada has had postal savings banks since 1868. "Originally it was provided that the deposits should be invested in Dominion securities, but in 1875 this law was repealed and deposits are now handled over to the receiver general, and withdrawals are paid by him. This creates a 'floating' indebtedness of approximately $47,000,000, payable on demand." The interest paid was originally 4 per cent, but it was reduced to 3½ per cent in 1889 and to 3 per cent in 1897. The number of depositors in 1908 was but 30 for each 1,000 population, while the United Kingdom had more than 200 for each 1,000. However, the average deposits are about $200 in Canada while they are only $75 in the United Kingdom.

Postal savings banks in France date from 1882. The rate of interest paid in France is 2¼ per cent. The deposits are invested in "French government securities, in negotiable obligations of the departments, communes, and the chamber of commerce, in real estate, or in the credit foncier." The annual profit since 1895 has ranged from $600,000 to $1,000,000. A reserve fund of over $10,000,000 had been accumulated by December 31, 1907. This constitutes a safety fund against losses.

Encourage School Children.

The postal savings bank systems of the various countries have many desirable and convenient features, some peculiar to one or two countries, others common to all. School children are quite generally encouraged to open savings accounts. In the United Kingdom more than 5,000 schools have adopted a school section of the postal savings bank. Scholarship grants and prizes are often in the form of a savings deposit account.

French men-of-war carry branch banks for the convenience of sailors. British soldiers stationed abroad may make deposits in the postal savings bank through the war office public accounts. If a deposit account has reached the maximum allowed, the postal savings banks of the United Kingdom, Canada, France, Italy and other countries will invest any additional amount deposited in government securities. This service is rendered gratis or for a nominal charge. In the United Kingdom a depositor may purchase insurance or an annuity from the postal savings bank.

Can Withdraw at Any Postoffice.

In regard to the withdrawal of funds there is usually a provision requiring notice, which is not always insisted upon. In the United Kingdom a depositor "on presentation of his book at any postoffice open for savings bank business can withdraw immediately a sum not exceeding £1." Larger amounts may be withdrawn upon receipt of an answer to a telegram sent to the head office.

Belgium allows depositors, upon presentation of their books, "on the sole condition of proving their identity, to withdraw at any postoffice, whatever sums not exceeding 100 francs" ($20). This provision is extremely convenient for travelers.

Austria Has Checking Deposits.

Austria has added an interesting feature to its savings bank system in allowing checking deposits to be made separate from the savings deposits. On deposit of 100 crowns ($20) such an account may be opened. During the year 1903 over $2,000,000,000 was transferred in this manner. Holders of checking accounts can make such transfers to the Levant, and through banks in Belgium, Germany, England, France, Italy and Switzerland.

The cost of administration of the postal business varies from 0.23 of 1 per cent of deposits in Italy to 1.35 per cent in Austria; the latter, however, includes the cost of the check service. Nearly all countries make a considerable profit from the system.

SELL PATRICK HENRY PAPERS

Philadelphia Collector Will Dispose of Rare Documents.

Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 20.—One of the most important sales of historical letters ever held in America was begun today in this city. The collection that will be disposed of at auction during the week embraces the letters and papers of Patrick Henry, written by or to him during the revolutionary war and up to the time of his death, after which they were preserved by his family.

They commence with the original autograph manuscript of the famous resolution against the stamp act, introduced in the Virginia house of burgesses in May, 1765. This immortal speech, ending with the familiar words, "If this be treason, make the most of it," is considered by many to rank next to the Declaration of Independence in historical importance.

Another important historical item in the collection is the copy of Patrick Henry's noted receipt to Governor Dunmore May 4, 1775, for gunpowder taken from the powder house at Williamsburg, Va., April 21, 1775.

MICHIGAN TOWNS SHOW LOSS

Port Huron, Ishpeming and Menominee Smaller Since 1900 Census.

Washington, Dec. 20.—Population statistics of the thirteenth census made public today included the following places in Michigan:

Place.	1910	1900.
Adrian	10,763	9,654
Alpena	12,706	11,802
Escanaba	13,194	9,549
Ironwood	12,821	9,706
Ishpeming	12,448	13,255
Manistee	12,881	14,260
Marquette	11,503	10,058
Menominee	10,507	12,818
Muskegon	21,982	20,818
Pontiac	14,532	9,789
Port Huron	18,863	19,158
Traverse City	12,115	9,407
Hillsdale	5,001	4,151
Monroe	6,893	5,043
Ypsilanti	6,230	7,378

BARONESS IS A SUICIDE

Husband Had Deserted Her After Quarrel.

New York Dec. 20.—Discouraged by the desertion of her husband and by having been cast off by her family, a woman who is said to have been the Baroness Marie Von Werlhoff, a member by marriage to a famous Russian family, committed suicide early yesterday in a small flat in the dingiest part of Third avenue.

The woman, according to her relatives, was the daughter of William D. Mower, formerly superintendent of schools at Kingston, N. Y. He died eight years ago and both his daughters came to this city to earn their own living. Marie Mower soon met a young foreigner, who said he was Wilhelm Theodore Werlhoff, son of General Baron Werlhoff, of the Prussian army and thus a baron himself.

He told a circumstantial story of having been cashiered in the German army for gambling and exhibited family letters and photographs of himself in the uniform of a lieutenant in the Prussian army and of General Werlhoff, whose son he professed to be. He was a wine salesman for a German company when the young woman met him. She was fascinated by him and married him about two years ago.

The couple lived here for a time, but two months ago they had a quarrel, according to the woman's relatives. The man returned to Germany, leaving her here.

STRENGTHENS ROSE LAW

Liquor Dealers Can't Solicit in Dry Counties.

Columbus, Dec. 20.—The supreme court today gave two distinct twists that bring the lines tighter upon the sale of intoxicating liquors under the Rose county option law.

One was given in the case of Walter Scheu, vs. the state, coming up from Tuscarawas county and the other in the case of W. M. Hayner, vs. the state, coming from Knox county.

In the first case the court holds in effect that a brewer operating in a dry county cannot sell intoxicating liquors from his place of manufacture in quantities of one gallon or more, to private residences in the county.

In the other the court holds that it is violation of the Rose county option law to solicit sale of intoxicating liquors in a dry county by mail. In the later case Mr. Hayner, who is the head of the Hayner Brewing Co., of Dayton, was arrested for sending letters soliciting orders into Knox county, dry under the Rose law, and upon conviction was fined $300. This he will now have to pay.

It is a significant fact in these decisions that they affirm decisions below that were given by the circuit court bench of which Maurice H. Donahue is a judge, he being one of the two supreme judges-elect soon to take their seats on the bench.

A common pleas court in Wyandot county had given a decision to the effect that orders for intoxicating liquors could be solicited by mail in dry counties. The supreme court's decision, of course nullifies that.

"LET'S HAVE A DRINK" DOESN'T GO.

Tacoma, Wash., Dec. 20,—Tacoma's anti-treating ordinance went into effect today, and its results will doubtless be watched with close interest by persons throughout the country who are striving for the better regulation of saloons, the promotion of temperance and the placing of the liquor business on a higher plane. The new law absolutely prohibits any person from paying for another's drink and imposes a fine of $100 on the bartender or saloonkeeper who permits treating in his establishment. The saloons are required to post notices calling the attention of patrons to the new order of things. Mayor Fawcett is the "father" of the ordinance and he has instructed the police to see that it is strictly enforced.

CAPITAL SOCIETY TO BE SAD

Loses Its Leaders Who Lost at the Polls.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 20.—This is a season of farewells in Washington, and there is a note of sadness in many of the entertainments. Among the people who have been prominent in society are Representative Hamilton Fish and Herbert Parsons of New York, neither of whom will return to the capital after his term expires this year.

Senator and Mrs. Chauncey Depew are apt to be lost to Washington society also, and their many friends are planning elaborate farewell dinners for them.

Among other people who will be sadly missed in Washington are Representative Boutell and Mrs. Boutell and their daughter, Alice. Miss Boutell is credited with being the best dressed young girl in the capital city.

VOTED BONDS NOT INCLUDED

Supreme Court Gives Decision on Longworth Limit Law.

Special Telegram to The Blade.

Columbus, Dec. 20.—The supreme court gave today, in a case coming up from Cleveland, a decision as to city bond issues under the Longworth act that all cities will be much interested in. The attorney general held some time ago that bonds, whose issues were authorized by a vote of the people, were included in the Longworth law limit of one per cent of the total duplicate in any year or a total of four per cent.

The supreme court held in the Cleveland case today that the popular vote issues are in addition to the Longworth law limit bonds.

NOT A CENT IN FORTY POCKETS

Vagrant Wears Three Suits, Two Shirts, No Stockings.

Brockton, Mass., Dec. 20.—Attellia Careno, who said he had been working on the Cape Cod canal with pick and shovel, was arrested as a tramp last night at the railroad station. When searched at the police station it was found he was wearing three coats, three vests, two pairs of trousers and two shirts, but no stockings. The police went through just 40 pockets before they came to the last one, but not a cent did they find.

In the police court Careno smiled when sentenced to the state farm and said: "That's all right."

Dr. Cook Tells of His "Fake" and Why He Did It

NEW YORK, Dec. 16.—In the first installment of his own story, which is to appear in the forthcoming January Hampton's Magazine, Dr. Frederick A. Cook frankly confesses, as promised in recent news dispatches, to uncertainty regarding his claim to the discovery of the North Pole. After a detailed and remarkable account of the mental processes which he underwent on his Arctic journey, Dr. Cook, with a remarkable degree of self-analysis, describes the process of conviction of final attainment which grew upon him. Instead of repeating the day by day account of his travels over miles of ice, Dr. Cook devotes himself chiefly to what is a remarkable mind journey.

Dr. Cook's confession, which is announced as a human document of extraordinary interest and importance, is presented by Hampton's, which published Commander Peary's story, "The Discovery of the North Pole." Coming after a mysterious seclusion for an entire year, during which time he has had little to do but reflect and arrive at conclusions, Dr. Cook's confession is most remarkable perhaps in that he acknowledges his belief that it is absolutely impossible by scientific observations to ascertain the achievement of the North Pole, and that his own conviction was not based entirely upon such "proof."

"I am told that many people who discredit my original story of my experience believe in my good faith," says Dr. Cook. "This moves me more than I can tell. If I did believe in myself, honestly and sincerely, if I felt convinced of my claim when I reached Copenhagen and later New York is it just to call me the world's most intrepid fakir, a common, deliberate swindler?"

Declaring a desire to take friend and foe into his confidence, Dr. Cook, in a painstaking effort to explain himself, gives an account of his early life, his boyhood ambitions, and the final focusing of his desire upon the Boreal Center. After sixteen years of fruitless effort the final opportunity came to him with an invitation to accompany John R. Bradley on a northern hunting trip. Dr. Cook says that his immediate intention was merely to return to the north, and that it was not until he arrived at Annoatok that he finally determined to try for the Pole.

"Most certainly we talked of the Pole," says Dr. Cook, "but, positively and emphatically, it was not an important incentive to the journey. Back in my brain, barely above the subconscious realm, was the feeling that this, however, might offer opportunity in the preparation for a final future determination. I, therefore, without any conscious purpose, and with my last penny, paid out of my purse for extra supplies for a personal expedition should I leave the ship.

"When I left New York my plans were not at all definite. Even had I known then that I should try for the Pole I should not have sought any geographical license from some vague and unknown authority. Though much has been made by critics of our quiet departure, I always felt the quest of the Pole as a personal ambition, a crazy hunger I had to satisfy.

"Accused of being the most colossal liar of history, sometimes I feel that more lies have been told about me than about anyone ever born.

Took No Gum Drops With Him.

"As a popular illustration of the sort of yarns that were told, let me refer to the foolish fake of the gum drops. Some one started the story that I expected to reach the Pole by bribing the Eskimos with gum drops—perhaps the idea was that I was to lure them on from point to point with regularly issued rations of these confections.

"Whenever I went on my lecture tour after my return to the United States, much to my irritation I saw 'Cook' gum drops conspicuously displayed in confectioners' store windows. Hundreds of pounds of gum drops were sent to my hotel with the compliments of the manufacturers. On all sides I heard the gum drop story, and in almost every paper read the reiterated tale of leading the Eskimos to the Pole by a dangling gum drop on a string before them. I never denied this, as I never denied any of the fakes printed about me. The fact is, that I never heard the gum drop yarn until I came to New York. We took no gum drops with us on our Polar trip, and, to my knowledge, no Eskimo ate a gum drop while with me.

Inception of the Pole Idea.

"Among the many things which the public has been misled into believing is that Mr. Bradley and I together connived for the purpose of essaying this quest of the Pole. The fact is, despite published statements, that not until I reached Annatok, and saw that conditions were favorable for a long sledge journey, did I finally determine to make a northward trip; not until then did I tell my decision definitely to Mr. Bradley.

"Could I make one powerful dash and achieve the thing that had haunted me for years?" he asks. "My former failures dogged me. If I did not try now, it was a question whether ever again an opportunity should come to me. At Annoatok the best hunters of the tribes had gathered for the winter hunt. Already immense caches of meat had been stored. Hundreds of dogs, in prime condition, were there for selection. From the strong, hefty hunters I could pick the best men to accompany me. Every condition was auspicious for the effort. I confess the task seemed audacious almost to the verge of impossibility; yet I want to say that I had not only the determination to try, but the preconceived conviction that the thing would be done—yes, if by a miracle, I would try. I told myself; I believed I should succeed."

After the departure of Mr. Bradley Dr. Cook says he began to brood upon the task which he says he set himself, saying: "My life from this time onward was a curious combination of outward impressions and introspective experiences. I want you to understand this thing was no casual jaunt with me. All my life hinged about it, my hopes were bent upon it; the doing of it was part of me, and instead of a mere physical journey it became a psychic experience, a nightmare. My plans of action, I want to emphasize, were not haphazard and hairbrained. Logically and clearly I now mapped out a campaign. It was based upon experience in known conditions, experience gathered after years of discouragement and failure.

"I aimed to reach the top of the globe in the angle between Alaska and Greenland, which had not been tried. With Annoatok as a base of operations, I planned to carry sufficient supplies over Schley Land and along the west coast of the game lands, trusting that the game along this region would furnish sufficient supplies en route, to the shores of the Polar sea. With men and dogs living on fresh meat, I figured that they would be in the best condition for a dash over the circumpolar ice. This journey to land's end would also afford a test of every article or equipment needed in the field work and would enable me also to choose from an entire tribe of Eskimos those most able to endure the rigors which lay before us."

Answeres Incorrect Statements.

After telling of his start from Annoatok in February, 1908, with a party of ten Eskimos, 103 dogs, and his entering Bay Fjord, where he encountered 88 degrees below zero, F. H., Dr. Cook takes the occasion of answering many widely quoted statements as follows:

"I have been held responsible and widely criticised for citing a temperature of minus 83 degrees Centigrade, which was the misquotation of a reporter who met me on the Hans Egede off the Skaw, the northernmost point of Denmark, before my arrival at Copenhagen. I have been quoted by the same reporter as declaring that I had discovered and traversed 30,000 square miles of new land. What I did report, and believe, was that in my journey I had passed through an area wherein it was possible to declare 30,000 square miles, a terrestrial unknown of water and ice, cleared from the blank of our charts. I did discover what I believed to be land, on the 30th of March, 1908. This was an irregular mountainous line along the horizon to the westward, extending for about fifty miles between the 84th and 85th parallels close to the 102d meridian."

After detailing the supplies taken on his trip, Dr. Cook says: "Were our supplies sufficient to take us to the Pole? Much criticism has been expressed concerning the meagerness of food. I can say only that in the final analysis, this supply barely allowed us to keep alive. I doubt if any men ever suffered from hunger so intensely as we did and lived. Death was, on our journey northward and southward, a grim persistent companion and only the love of life, most deep-seated of human instincts, kept us from succumbing to utter despair. Yet this privation and despair had its mental reaction—a reaction which was fortunate for it was the belief in my achievement that kept me alive in hours of direst physical trial."

Dr. Cook says that his proposed journey was not one of scientific conquest, but one for which he expected only the return due a pathfinder. In this part of his story occurs this remarkable statement:

"My conviction that I reached the Pole never was based solely upon observations, figures, or mathematical calculations. I did take these, of course. Sometimes I took them hastily, again working them out with most painstaking accuracy. Sometimes my mind was clear as crystal, again I was dazed with hunger, thirst and cold. These figures did not serve to convince me of my achievement. They only corroborated my inner conviction of progress. They were important in working a plan of action over a trackless waste; but as a proof of the conquest they must always be insufficient.

"Was my inner conviction that I attained the Pole insane? This has been asked, and suggested. Perhaps. Which raises the whole problem of the border lines of sanity. I was, I feel, no more insane than any man who frantically pursues an ideal—an ideal which may seem hairbrained to the practical—and who finally to himself, if to no other, is satisfied that he has accomplished his desire. My conviction may be beyond the bounds of reason. Sometimes now I feel that it is. Again I do not. I do not know."

That his mind may have been affected by hardships and that, in a state of bodily fatigue and mental bewilderment he convinced himself that he reached the Pole, Dr. Cook admits. "That I did travel upward of twenty-five hundred miles in some direction, even my enemies credit. Some have described my journeying as being in a semicircle, others admit my going pretty far north. Whether I went directly north, or was diverted at times does not cannot change, the facts of my experience. We were compelled on our journey to go in various directions to find a way. We made wide detours, at other times we had to retreat and find new passages. Perhaps, in so doing, I did become confused and overestimated my progress. If that is so, it is a fact neither I nor anyone can settle now. Wherever I went, however, I maintain it was northward, and I did reach a spot which I believed to be the Pole."

One of the most extraordinary features in Dr. Cook's confession is his admission that his conviction of attaining the North Pole was based largely upon his observation of his shadow. This theory he presents with great detail.

LOST LIVES OWED TO TRIVIAL CAUSE

$2,000,000 Explosion May Have Been Due to Slippery Rails.

New York, Dec. 20.—Investigation of the causes of the explosion in the New York Central powerhouse yesterday, which resulted in 10 deaths, the injury of more than 100 persons and a money loss estimated at upwards of $2,000,000, was continued with zeal today by city and county authorities.

Although the direct source of the disaster has not been determined, it may be found that a handful of sand or the different placing of a timber pile would have saved the city from the shock and tremendous damage of the explosion. It is generally conceded that the first cause of the upheaval was a runaway train of electric cars on the Central out near Fiftieth street and Lexington avenue that crashed over a bumper against the powerhouse, broke a feedpipe and caused a large quantity of gas to accumulate in the powerhouse basement.

Spark Does Work.

This was detonated, possibly by an electric spark from a short circuit. The motorman of the train, Albert Seagroatt, was unable to stop the cars in time to avoid their disastrous crash into the bumper. The whole trouble may be decided to have been due to slippery rails or to some other apparently trivial cause.

Investigation by Coroner Holtzhauser and the other authorities who are making independent inquiries, is proceeding with a view to developing the circumstances of the first break in the flood-pipe, the time which elapsed between this rupture and the explosion, the preventive means employed to avert an explosion, and all other details.

Meanwhile, search of the ruins progressed for other bodies.

John B. Guthier, an electrician, died in a hospital during the night, adding one to yesterday's list of nine known dead.

MUM'S WORD FOR JOHN D.

Says He Will Never Again Talk for Publication.

New York, Dec. 20.—Never again will John D. Rockefeller talk for publication. At least that is what he told a reporter Sunday, who asked him if he believed in Santa Claus.

Rockefeller smiled at the question and then seated the fate of all would-be interviewers.

"You gentlemen of the press are certainly indefatigable. God bless each and every one of you," he said. "It is no use for any of you to ask me any questions on any subject from now on, however, for I have fully made up my mind never again to make a statement for publication in the press."

HAGENBACK NOT DEAD

Cincinnati, Dec. 20.—The reported death of Carl Hagenback, at his home near Hamburg, Germany, is not true, according to a private cablegram received here yesterday. The cablegram said that William Hagenback, a brother of Carl Hagenback, had passed away. The message was signed by Lorens Hagenback, a son of Carl.

Doll Watches at Dead Child's Bed

New York, Dec. 20.—In her little white bed in the sunny nursery at the home of Judge O'Connor, of the municipal court, Ethel O'Conor, 8 years old, the judge's little daughter, lies dead. Laid carefully on a low table at the side of the bed is her "Christmas shopping." Two tiny silk dresses and a hood—all for a solemn little doll whose blue eyes stare straight ahead at the white wall above the bed.

Last night Ethel danced into the nursery to show her six-year-old sister Josephine what she had bought "the babies" for Christmas. The room was dark. Ethel lighted a match and peered far under the bed. As she dragged at the little pasteboard box, the sputtering flame leaped at her dress. In a moment she was covered by a quick flame. A terrified servant threw up a window and screamed for help and a passerby beat out the blaze with his coat.

But it was to late. The child died at 10 o'clock.

AMERICAN SCIENTISTS TO MEET

Minneapolis, Minn., Dec. 20.—Elaborate arrangements have been completed for the annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, which is to be held next week at the University of Minnesota. Twenty-seven elementary scientific societies will be represented at the gathering, and among the participants will be many of the foremost scholars of the United States and Canada. The proceedings will continue three days.

CHARLIE WEARING 'EM LONG

Young Taft Dons Far-Reaching Trousers for Holidays.

Washington, Dec. 20.—Charley Taft, the President's younger son, is home for the holidays and things have begun to happen around the White House. Incidentally Charley is wearing his long trousers.

Yesterday Charley rummaged through the attic at the executive offices and found a model of an aeroplane which had been sent to the President. The model is perfect in every detail with the exception of the engine, which is a "dummy." Charley thinks the aeroplane will glide if it gets a good start and will give it a trial from the White House roof.

Charley also took a turn at the White House telephone switchboard and acted as chief operator for an hour or more.

AUDITORS WANT NEW LAW

Indianapolis, Ind., Dec. 20.—A measure legalizing such acts of auditors and county commissioners as have been performed in good faith, but in technical violation of law, and in which no loss has come to the county or profit to the officers, is advocated by the County Auditors' association of Indiana, which met in annual convention in this city today.

WANT LOWER RATES

Columbia, S. C., Dec. 20.—The state railroad commissioners today heard arguments on the petition of 124 cotton mills of South Carolina for reduced intrastate freight rates on cotton piece goods to Charleston, from interior textile centers.

CUDAHY LEAVES A LOT

Packer's Estate Amounts to $11,000,000.

Chicago, Dec. 20.—Michael Cudahy, founder of the Cudahy firm of meat packers, left an estate worth $11,000,000, according to the will which was filed yesterday.

Of this, $9,000,000 is in personal property and the remainder is real estate. His widow, Catherine Cudahy, will receive an annuity of $30,000.

After Mrs. Cudahy's annuity is paid, it is directed each of the children shall be paid annually $10,000 for five years, and to John Shaw, of Chicago, $500 annually for the same period. The children are: Mrs. William P. Nelson, Mart T. Cudahy, Clara A. Cudahy, Mrs. John B. Casserly, of San Mateo, Cal.; John F. Cudahy, Joseph M. Cudahy and Edward I. Cudahy.

To Mrs. William Cudahy, of Milwaukee, widow of the decedent's brother, is given $600 per year for the trust period and at the end of that time she is to be given $5,000.

After various charitable bequests are paid the remainder of the yearly income is to be held in trust, and when the estate finally is distributed at the end of the trust period, $500,000 is to be given to Mrs. Catherine Cudahy, the widow, or her heirs.

DOCTOR AID TO PATRICK

Says Famous Prisoner Is Proved Innocent.

New York, Dec. 20.—In the renewal of the long fight to win freedom for Albert T. Patrick, convicted of the murder of William M. Rice, some reliance may be placed upon the findings of Dr. Austin Flint, a poison expert. Dr. Flint was prevented from testifying at the second trial of Patrick by a chain of unfortunate circumstances.

The expert is still in possession of the brief, which shows that Rice's death was due to neither mercury or chloroform. It had been alleged that the millionaire was first given mercury and then chloroform was administered by means of a towel cone.

Dr. Flint after quoting a mass of medical testimony says:

"Nothing is more common than to discover traces of mercury in the stomach, bowels, liver, kidneys or other organs of a dead body. No importance can be attached to this discovery in the absence of evidence that the deceased had actually suffered from symptoms of mercurial poisoning.

"The question of mercurial poisoning may be dismissed as without foundation in fact or evidence."

In this brief Dr. Flint then takes up the question of chloroform, which he says, did not cause death, citing authorities and quoting from the post-mortem report.

WOULDN'T HANG WOMAN

Governors of Pennsylvania Pass Up Job.

Harrisburg, Pa., Dec. 20.—Among the legacies Gov. Stuart will leave for John K. Tener, his successor, when he retires from office next month is the disposal of the case of Mrs. Kate Edwards who is in the Berks county jail under sentence of death for the murder of her husband about nine years ago. Because of the public sentiment stirred up at the time of her conviction against hanging a woman two governors have passed up her case to their successor.

Mrs. Edwards and a negro named Gleason were arrested for the murder of the husband. The colored man was a paramour of the woman and the husband declared he would kill her; so that in fear, if not in a sort of defense, she killed him one night and threw the body into a well.

Man Is Acquitted.

Mrs. Edwards and the negro were tried for murder and Gleason on a retrial was acquitted, but the woman was convicted and sentenced to be hanged.

Gov. Pennypacker set a day for the execution but before the date arrived an application was made to the board of pardons for the commutation of the woman's death sentence to imprisonment for life and on the night previous to the day of execution Gov. Pennypacker reprieved the woman in order that the board might hear the case. The messenger bearing the governor's reprieve arrived at the Reading jail while Mrs. Edwards was with the minister who was administering the last rites to her.

KNIFE MAY CURE INSANITY

Operations Also Likely to Give Tip on Restoring Sight.

Boston, Dec. 20—That persons now thought to be incurably insane may be brought back to reason and that persons now totally blind may have their eyesight restored, is the belief of physicians who eagerly are awaiting the results of a surgical operation to be performed at a Brookline hospital for animals upon a valuable King Charles spaniel suffering from acute hyperemia, a brain disease.

Prince Rex, the spaniel, is owned by Mrs. E. B. Walbridge, of Revere.

The operation will consist either of forcing back a portion of the skull that is now pressing against the dog's brain, or operating so that a portion of the matter now growing under the skull may be removed.

TOWN OUSTS ALL NEGROES

Butler, Okla., Furnishes Free Transportation.

Clinton, Okla., Dec. 20.—The citizens of Butler, Okla., have organized to prevent negroes from living there. Members of the organization delegated for the purpose visited all the homes where negro servants are employed, livery barns and other places where negroes have been working, and all negroes were ordered to leave town on the first outgoing train.

The organization furnished transportation free for negroes' baggage to the station. One citizen, who kept several negro servants was told, when he protested, that he could leave with the negroes, but that they could not remain.

When the first outgoing train started the "jim crow" coaches looked like an excursion train.

DIES IN HER 105TH YEAR

Probably Oldest Woman in Pennsylvania Passes Away.

Du Bois, Pa., Dec. 20.—Mrs. Elizabeth Shoemaker died the other night at her home near this town, in her hundred and fifth year. She was born August 2, 1805, in Dauphin county, came to Clearfield county when 20 years old, and had been a member of the Methodist church for over 85 years.

Until a short time ago she had retained her physical and mental faculties to an extraordinary degree, and appeared like a well-preserved, active woman of 70. So far as known hereabouts, she was the oldest woman in the state.

GIVES TEN MILLION

Andrew Carengie Hands Over $500,000 a Year to Stop War.

Following is a list of the largest known benefactions of Andrew Carnegie:

Libraries	$ 53,000,000
Educational foundation	15,000,000
Pittsburg Institute	16,000,000
Washington Institute	12,000,000
Peace Foundation	10,000,000
Scotch universities	10,000,000
Hero funds	5,000,000
Carnegie Steel Co. employes	5,000,000
Dunfermline endowment	5,000,000
Polytechnic School, Pittsburg	2,000,000
Peace Temple, at The Hague	1,750,000
Allied Engineers' Societies	1,500,000
Bureau American Republics	750,000
Small colleges in United States	20,000,000
Miscellaneous in United States (estimated)	20,000,000
Miscellaneous in Europe (estimated)	2,500,000
Totals	$179,500,000

Washington, Dec. 14.—Andrew Carnegie today transferred to a board of trustees ten million dollars in five per cent first mortgage bonds, the revenue of which will be used to "hasten the abolition of international war," and establish a lasting world peace.

The formal transfer was made at a meeting in the rooms of the Carnegie Research foundation. The trustees organized by choosing a president. United States Senator Elihu Root, the permanent representative of the United States at The Hague tribunal. President Taft has consented to be honorary president of the foundation. The method by which the annual income of half a million dollars shall be expended is left by Mr. Carnegie entirely in the hands of the trustees.

The foundation is to be perpetual and when the establishment of Universal peace is attained, the donor provides that the revenue shall be devoted to the banishment of the "next most degrading evil or evils," the suppression of which "would most advance the progress, elevation and happiness of man."

The Trustees.

The trustees of the fund are: United States Elihu Root, ex-Secretary of State, and ex-Secretary of War; Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, New York, president Columbia university; Dr. Henry S. Pritchett, president of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching; Joseph H. Choate, lawyer, ex-ambassador to Great Britain; Albert K. Smiley, Lake Mohonk educator and humanitarian; Dr. Charles W. Eliot, president emeritus of Harvard university; James Brown Scott, solicitor of the state department; John W. Foster, lawyer, ex-Secretary of State; Andrew J. Montague, lawyer, ex-governor of Virginia; William M. Howard, lawyer congressman, Lexington, Ga.; Judge Thomas Burke, Seattle, Wash.; James L. Sladen, congressman, San Antonio, Tex.; Andrew D. White ex-ambassador to Germany, Robert S. Brookings, lawyer St. Louis; Samuel Mather, banker, steel manufacturer, Cleveland; J. G. Schmidlapp, railroad man Cincinnati; Arthur William Foster, regent University of California; San Francisco; R. A. Franks, banker, Hoboken, N. J.; Charlemagne Tower, ex-ambassador to Germany and Russia; Oscar Straus, ambassador to Turkey; Austen G. Fox, lawyer, New York; John L. Cadwalader lawyer, New York; John Sharp Williams, senator-elect from Mississippi; C. L. Taylor, of Pittsburg, chairman of the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission and George W. Perkins, of New York, financier and philanthropist.

GIVER OF TEN MILLIONS FLAYS WAR OF NATIONS

Washington, Dec. 14.—The informal trust deed presented by Mr. Carnegie to the trust today reads as follows:

"Gentlemen—I have transferred to you as trustees of the Carnegie peace fund ten million of first mortgage bonds, value eleven and a half million dollars, the revenue of which is to be administered by you to hasten the abolition of international war, the foulest blot upon our civilization.

"Although we no longer eat our fellowmen nor torture prisoners, nor sack cities, killing their inhabitants, we still kill each other as war-like barbarians. Only wild beasts are excusable for doing that in this, the twentieth century of the Christian era, for the crime of war is inherent, since it decides not in favor of the right, but always of the strong. The nation is criminal which refuses arbitration and drives its adversary to a tribunal which knows nothing of righteous judgment.

For Taft's Platform.

"I believe that the shortest and easiest path to peace lies in adopting President Taft's platform, who said in his address before the Peace and Arbitration society, New York, March 22, 1910:

"'I have noticed exceptions in our arbitration treaties as to reference of questions of national honor to courts of arbitration. Personally I do not see any more reason why matters of national honor should not be referred to a court of arbitration, than matters of property or of national proprietorship. I know that is going farther than most men are willing to go, but I do not see why questions of honor may not be submitted to a tribunal composed of men of honor who understand questions of national honor, to abide by their decision, as well as any other questions of difference arising between nations.'

"I venture to quote from my address as president of the peace congress in New York, 1907:

"'Honor is the most dishonored word in our language. No man ever touched another man's honor; no nation ever dishonored another nation; all honor's wounds are self-inflicted.'

"At the opening of the international bureau of American republics at Washington, April 26, 1910, President Taft said:

"'We 21 republics cannot afford to have any two or any three of us quarrel. We must stop this, and Mr. Carnegie and I will not be satisfied until all 19 of us can intervene by proper measures to suppress a quarrel betweeen any other two.'"

WANT SEA BURIAL STOPPED

Catholic Societies Aroused by Such Disposition of Priest.

Philadelphia, Dec. 20.—Representatives of numerous Catholic societies in the archdiocese of Philadelphia met last night at the assembly hall of the Church of Our Lady of Mercy, Broad street and Susquehanna avenue, and voiced their protest against the burial at sea of Rev. William McLoughlin, rector of St. Stephen's church, last September. A resolution was adopted requesting congress to take action to prevent masters of vessels from burying American citizens who die while on voyages.

STEPS ON DEAD FATHE

Young Man Falls Over Bod in the Hall.

New York, Dec. 20.—Ambrose W son, a young Jersey City business m returned to his boarding house Johnson avenue early today after belated evening visit with friends a tumbled headfirst over the body his father, Frank Wilson, in the ha way.

The old man's body was cold, a he had been dead apparently for se eral hours. Examination shew that he had been terribly beaten wi some heavy implement and final killed by a stab in the neck which se ered the jugular vein.

The police arrested August Mill on the charge of murder and held h wife Jane as a witness. The Mille own the house, and the two Wilson father and son, had boarded wi them for several years.

According to the police, the Mille had quarreled with the elder Wilso during the evening and a fight ensue Mrs. Miller taking Wilson's pa Miller, it is alleged, was worsted the preliminary encounter, and r turned to the fray with a broom. H knocked Wilson down with th weapon, the police say, breaking th broom across his head. Then he too the jagged stick and shoved it int the older man's neck, severing th jugular vein.

126 IS FINAL MAJORIT

Elections Over in Britai and Liberals Win.

HOW PARLIAMENT STANDS.

With all the votes in and counted, the English parliament now stands as follows:

Unionists, 272; Liberals, 271; Irish-Nationalists, 73; Independent Nationalists, 11; Labor members, 43.

The coalition parties have a majority over the Unionists of 126.

London, Dec. 20.—The governme party will have a coalition majori of 126 in the new parliament as result of the elections which close yesterday.

This is two more than the combine advantage over the Unionists in th preceding parliament.

Yesterday's returns in the thre constituencies which closed the pol ings were made known today an showed no change. They returned Nationalist, an Independent-Nationa ist and a Liberal. Of the three th only sharp fight was for the seat Wick Burghs, where R. Munro, th Liberal candidate, was re-elected ov the Unionist Sir A. Bognold, by majority of 211.

MAN LOST, SHE ASKS VALU

Woman Deserted at Altar Sues Law yer for Alienation.

Haverhill, Mass., Dec. 20.—Declar ing that Charles S. Goodwin, a lead ing lawyer, has alienated the affection of the husband with whom she ha never lived, and who left her at th door of Trinity church immediate after the marriage ceremony, Mr Mary D. Channell has instituted $10,000 alienation suit against the at torney.

Mrs. Channell herself drew the wri and announced her intention of bein her own lawyer when the case come up for trial. She claims that Attorne Goodwin gave his advice, although no engaged as counsel, to Channell, an that as a result the latter deserted hi at the church door.

"I have not spoken to Mrs. Chan nell for the past two years," ex plained Lawyer Goodwin. "I am th third person against whom she has in stituted a $10,000 suit for alleged alienation of the affections of her hus band."

CLARK NOT TO SELL MULES

Famous Drive, if Taken, Not to Be Followed by Auction.

Baltimore, Dec. 20.—When William Kileen, a local contractor, who use hundreds of mules in his business read that Champ Clark was to driv up to the Capitol behind a line of Missouri mules, if he were elected speaker, he hastened to write to Clark and impart his burning desire to pos sess those same mules. He said he would pay as high as $800.

"I will be at the foot of the ston steps of the capitol when you driv up, and will turn over to you the $80 in yellow-backs," the letter conclud ed.

Yesterday a long, official-looking letter from Washington was hand